

Scarronnides,

O R,

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

A MOCK-POEM,

(On the

FIRST & FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

In English Burlesque.

By Charles Plin. Ep. Cotton Esq.

Non minimum est insigniter ineptire.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. N. for H. Brome, at the Gun in St. Paul's
Church-yard. 1678.

TO THE
READER.

THE Reader is desired,
for the better comparing
of the Latine and English to-
gether, to read on forward unto
the ensuing Letter of Directi-
on, before he compare the for-
mer with the Original.

VIRGILE

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

- (a) **I** *Sing the Man* (read it who list,
A Trojan true as ever pist)
- (b) **Who from Troy Town,** by wind and weather
To Italy (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and lost, and tost,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.
- (c) Long wandred he through thick and thin,
Half-roasted now, now wet to th' skin ;
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night ;
- (d) **Forc'd,** as 'tis said, by the Gods spite :
Although the wiser sort suppose
- (e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno's*,
A Murrain curry all curst Wives !
He needs must go, the Devil drives.
- (f) **Much suffer'd** he likewise in War,
Many dry blows, and many a scar :

- (a) *Arma virumque cano,* (b) *Trojae qui primus ab oris*
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
litorea (c) *multum ille & terris jactatus & alto*
(d) *Vi Superum, -----*
(e) *seva memorem Junonis ob iram*
(f) *Multa quoque & bello passus, dum conderet urbem.*

Many a Rap, and much ado
 At Quarter-Staff, and Cudgels too,
 Before he could be quiet for 'um :
 (Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'um)
 But this same Yonker at the last,
 (All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)
 And all these Rake-hells over-come,
 (g) Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*.
 (i) But oh my Muse ! put me in mind,
 To which o'th Gods was he unkind ?
 (k) Or what the Plague did *Juno* mean,
 (That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding Queen,
 That scratching, cater-wawling Puss)
 (l) To use an Honest Fellow thus ?
 (To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
 (m) Have Goddeses no better manners ?
 (n) A little Town there was of Old,
 Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,
 Hight *Garthage*, which (if not bely'd)
 Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd ;
 (o) The lustiest Carles all thereabouts,
 Rich Chuffs, and very sturdy Louts.

----- (g) *atque alta mania Rome.*
 (i) *Musa mihi causas memora ; quo Numine laso :*
 (k) *Quidve dolens Regina Deum, (l) tot volvere casus*
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit ? (m) *tantæne animis cælestibus iræ ?*
 (n) *Urbs antiqua fuit Tyrii tenuere Coloni,*
Carthago -----
 ----- (o) *Studiis asperissima belli ;*

(p) No

(p) Now this same *Carthage* you must know,
Juno did love out of all *whores*;

There are alive that yet will swear it,
No Village like it, no place near it:

(q) Except a place (forsooth) that's famous
For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos*;
Here she her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
Her Needles, Poking-Sticks, and Bodkins;
And here (in House which her own Key locks)

(r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This place then mainly pleas'd her humor:

(r) But she had heard a scurvy rumor;
That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
Should one day overthrow her Hamlet;
Plunder her Chests, Joynt-Stools and Tables,
And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.

(t) She fearful of this sad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)

(u) And mindful of her injur'd Honor,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;

(p) *Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*

(q) *Posthabitâ coluisse Samo; (r) hęc illius arma,*
Hęc currus fuit;

(s) *Progeniem sed enim Trojano à sanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias olim quæ verteret arces.

(t) *Id metuens,*

(u) *Necdum etiam causæ irarum, sævique dolores*
Exciderant animo; manet altâ mente repostum
Judicium Parisi -----

Did many years bend her devotion,
 To drown *Æneas* on the Ocean;
 And many a slippery trick she play'd him,
 Till *Jove* at last o're Sea convey'd him;
 (*) So hard it is where an old Grutch is,
 To get out of a Womans Clutches.

Æneas had not been o'th' water
 Above an hour, or such a matter;

Nor further row'd, then we may rate
 'Twixt *Parsons-Dock* and *Billingsgate*,
 Or say betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,

(x) When *Juno* (full of her old malice)
 Thus with her self began to mutter,
 Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter?
 Must they go on, fearing no Colours?
 And cannot I squander their Scullers?

Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,
 (y) Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?
 (z) *Pallas* could burn *Wherries*, and *Gallies*,
 And clatter *Mortals* Bones like *Tallies*:

(a) But I, *Jove's* Sister, and his *Wife*,
 Can do no mischief for my life.

(*) *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*
Vix è conspectu Siculæ telluris in altum
Vela dabant lati, & spumas salis ære ruebant;

(x) *Cum Juno æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,*
Hac secum; Mene incepto defisitare victam?

(y) *Quippe vetor fatis!* (z) *Pallasine exurere classem*
Argivum potuit? -----

(a) *At ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina, Jovisque*
Et Soror, & Conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
Bella gero -----

(b) *Juno*

(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,

(c) Runs me unto one *Æolus*:

This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
 Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellows;
 A Day, a Week, a Month together,
 And by his farting, make foul weather:
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down;
 Great Ships, and almost Fishes drown.
 He was, *in fine*, the loud'st of Farters:
 Yet could command his hinder quarters,
 Correct his Tail, and only blow,
 If there occasion were, or so:

(d) Whom *Jove* observing to be so stern,
 In the wise conduct of his Postern,
 He made him King of all the Puffers,
 Which he (because he knew them Huffers)
 Durst nowhere venture, I must tell ye,
 But in the Caverns of his Belly:
 Which having but one Postern-Gate
 For these mad Boys to sally at,
 He might the faster peg them in,
 And by the plucking out a Pin,
 Then (at his ease) *Arising* about,
 To any Quarter, let them out.

(b) *Talia flammato secum Dea code volutans,*

(c) *Æoliam venit: hęc vasto Rex Æolus antro
 Luctanteis ventos tempestatesque sonoras
 Imperio premit.-----*

(d) *Sed Pater omnipotens -----*

----- regemque dedit, qui fidere certo

Et premere, & laxas sciret dare jussus habens.

(e) To this same King, Queen *Juno* posted,
And thus in flatt'ring terms accosted.

(f) Thou mighty King, whose potent sway
The Lawless *Blust'ers* do obey ;

Whose nod the stubborn'st winds do dread ;

(Even although in *Scotland* bred.)

Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compass stretches,
Hear a poor Queens Request, and say
Thou'lt do't ; For I must have no Nay.

(g) There are a few Tatter-de-malions
That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,

With Oars, and Sculls, tugging and rowing :

A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandering, sturdy Ragamuffins ;

Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,

And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike :

(h) If therefore, thou wilt smoak these Roysters,
And sowse them all, like pickl'd Oysters,

(c) *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est :*

(f) *Æole (namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)*

(g) *Gens inimica mihi Tyrreum navigat æquor,
Ilium in Italiam portans ----*

(h) *Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes,
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.*

*Sunt mihi his septem præstanti corpore Nymphæ :
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo ;*

Book I. Travestie.

7

There is a pretty Maid of mine,
Called *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearkned to this Story,
With no small Pride, no little Glory;
To have a Queen so gay and trim,
Come to request a Boon of him!
But th' *Wench*. i'th' tail of the Preamble,
Oh that! That made his Bowels wamble.
(And Wind you know (under Correction)
Is a main Causer of Erection.
He, listning stood, wrigling, and scraping,
But durst not bow, for fear of 'scaping;
Until at last, with Cap in hand Sir,
(i) He thus return'd with modest Answer;
O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
That you will use your Servant *Æol* :
And should I not pay your Civility,
To th' utmost of my poor Ability,
Who are great *Joves* Sister and Wife,
It were e'en pity of my Life.
I'll play these Rake-hells such a Hunts up,
As were they shee's would turn their—up.
Say you no more, the thing is done;
I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mothers Son.
But since your Grace is nice of smelling,
I wish you were at your own dwelling;

(i) *Æolus hac contra : Tuus o Regina quod optes
Explorare labor , mibi jussa capescere fas est.
Tu mibi quodcunque hoc regni, tu sceptrā Jovemque
Conciliis -----*

There's

There's Reason for't (saving your favor)
 For truly (Madam) I shall favor.
 But I beseech your Grace, in no wise
 Forget the *Woman*, that you promise.
Juno at that, away does go

* *Mons*
Salopien-
sis.

As swift as Arrow out of Bow,
 And in less while, then I am speaking,
 Was got as high, as top of * *Reking* :
 No bigger now then School-boys Kite,
 And now clean vanish out of sight.

Æol, who all this while stood gaping,
 At her fine Peacocks gawdy-trapping,
 Seeing her mount *Olympus* Stair-case,
 Began t'untruss to ease his Carcase.
 Twice belcht he loud from lungs of leather,
 To call his roaring Troops together :
 And twice (as who should say, We come)
 They roar'd i'th' concave of his Womb :
 (*k*) With that he turns his Buttock Seaward,
 And with a Gibing kind of Nayword ;
 Quoth he, blind Harpers, have among ye ;
 'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.
 At that same word, lifting one Leg,
 And pulling out his trusty Peg ;

(*k*) *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem*
Impulit in latus, ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta ruunt, et terras turbine perflant.
Incubere mari, totumque, à sedibus imis,

(1) He

Book I. *Travestie.*

9

(1) Hé let at once his General Muster
Of all that ere could blow, or bluster ;
And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel,
Left not one puff to cool his Gruel.
Have you not seen below the Sphear,
A mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Bear,
How, by the Tapster when the Stopple
Is ravish't from the teeming Bottle,
It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
As it were troubled with the squitters ?
Even so, when *Æol* pluckt the plugg
From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
The Winds burst out with such a rattle,
As he had broke the Strings that twattle.

Bounce cries the Port-hole, out they flie,
And make the World dance *Barnaby* ;
Throughout the Seas, and Coasts they wander ;
One *Boreas* was their chief Commander ;
A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,
Finds me o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.

Æneas, and his wandring Mates
Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats* ;

(1) *Unâ Eurûsque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, & vastos volvunt ad littora fluctus,
Insequitur clamorque virûm, stridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes cælumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther,
Præsentemque xigis intentant omnia mortem.*

Think

Thinking no harm, no more than we do,
 (For all was fine and fair to see to)
 When all o'th' sudden ; who would think it !
 (By this good drink, I mean to drink it !)
 It grew so dark, that wanting light,
 They could not feel the Fishes bite ;
 And strait ere one could say, What's this ?
 The Winds began to howl and hiss,
 And in the turning of a hand Sir,
 They grew so big, one could not stand Sir.
 Then followed Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,
 As the whole World would flie asunder.

* By the
 Light-
 ning.

Æneas, hearing the Winds threatning,
 And * seeing monstrous Billows beating,
 Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,
 And that the *Haddock*s watcht to catch him,

(m) Fell presently in a cold sweat,
 So sick he could not drink nor eat ;
 'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
 He had not fall'n into a Swound ;
 But by *Joves* favor being blest,
 With Gut's in's head above the rest ;
 Like to a cunning Chapman, he
 Made Virtue of Necessity,
 And in the midst of all Despairs,
 Thought it his best to fall to Pray'rs ;

(n) With woful heart and blubber'd eyes,
 Lifting his *Mutton fists* to th' skies,

(m) *Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra :*

(n) *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas*

Talia voce refert ;

He therefore pray'd, *O Jupiter,*
 Either hear now, or never hear;
 Now, now, thy Trusty *Trojans* cherish,
 Help now, or never, else we perish.

(o) Could not *Tydidēs* at *Troy Town*
 Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
 Nor yet the merry *Greek Achilles*,
 When he kill'd lusty *Hector*, kill These?
 And must we now be sent for Dishes,
 To Sharks, and such like greedy Fishes?

(p) Thus went he on with his Orisons,
 Which if you mark them well *were wise ones*,
 Now praying, now expostulating;
 But he might e'n have held his prating;
 For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
 The noise was such, could no ways hear him:

(q) The winds grew lowder still and lowder,
 And play'd their Gambals with a Powder;
 Then, then indeed began the pudder,
 Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder;
 Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
 And there one sinking in a *Gurges*.

----- (o) *O Danaum fortissime gentis*
Tydidē, Mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse, tuāque animam hanc effundere dextra?
S' vus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector -----

(p) *Talia jactanti, (q) Stridens Aquilone procella*
Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus;

(r) Three

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd *Notus* Ruffels,
Upon a paltry Bed of Muffels,

(s) And three did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-sands deep most lamentably.

(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carried,
And one *Orontes* never married,
Was just about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drowned ;
Did all he could with might and main,
To have swom back to Land again.

His skill he to the tryal puts,
But could not do it for his Guts :
And therefore was souc t up for *Cod-fish* ;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fish.)

(u) Now might you see the *Trojans* trimming
Upon the foaming Billows swimming :
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,
Floating amongst the Rowling Trenches ;

(r) *Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet.*

--- (s) *Tres Euris ab alto*

In Brevia & Syrteis urget, (miserabile visu)

(t) *Unam, quæ Lycios, fidumque vehebat Orontem,*

Ipsius ante oculos, ingens a vertice Pontus

In puppim ferit, Excutitur, pronusque Magister

Volutur in caput. Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem

Torquet agens circum, & rapidus verat aquore vortex.

(u) *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*

Arma virum tabulaque & Troja gaza per undas.

Hats, Caps, and Cassocks, Bands, and Ruffs,
(Indeed I think they wore no Cuffs)
Balk-Staves and Cudgels, Pikes & Truncheons,
Brown-bread & cheefe that swam by luncheons
With Treasure past all mortal matching,
That any man might have for fetching.

(*) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
That still increas'd more loud and furly,
Rous'd *Neptune* with the strange Commotion,
Who liv'd i'th' bottom of the Ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old a Fisher,
And to *Aeneas* a Well-wisher:
'Cause on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good word t' her Father for him,
And made him for his good Conditions,
King over all his Pools, and Fish-Ponds.

This Blade, when first he heard the Sea ring,
Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:
But at the noise he throws his Tray,
Fishes, and Salt, and allaway.
And taking up his three-fork'd Trout-spear,
(x) Hey, hey (quoth he) what a brave rout's herel

(*) *Interea magno misceri murmure Pontum,
Emissamque Hiemem sensit Neptunus, & imis
Stagna refusa vadis.*

----- (x) *Graviter commotus, & alto
Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput extulit undâ.
Disiectam Æneæ toto videt aequore Classem,
Fludibus oppressos Troas cœlique ruinâ.
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis & iræ.*

Under

Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
 By which he mounted without Ladders,
 And thrusting's head above the water,
 Says, What a vengeance ho's the matter ?
 Then seeing round how things were vary'd,
 And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd ;
 He strait began to smell a Rat,
 And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at :
 For he knew all *Juno's* contriving,
 And spite as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River
 A Water-dog, that is a Diver.
 Bring out his Mallard, and est-soons
 Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloons ?
 So *Neptune* when he first appears,
 Shakes the salt Liquor from his ears,
 And made the winds themselves to doubt him,
 He threw the water so about him :
 Vext at the Plucks to see this clutter,
 He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter ;
 (y) Till beck'ning *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus*,
 He thus began in Language furious.
 How durst you Rogues take the opinion
 To vapor here in my Dominion,

(y) *Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, debinc talia fatur.*
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri,
Jam calum Terramque meo sine Numine, Venti
Miscere, & tantas audetis tollere moles ?
Quos ego ; ----- sed motos praestat componere Fluxus ;
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.

Without

Without my leave, and make a lurry,
That Men cannot be quiet for ye!
Rascals I shall! — But well! go to,
I now have something else to do:
If e'r again I catch you creaking,
'Tis odds I spoil your Bagpipes squeaking.

(z) And Sirrah, you there: Goodman * *Blaster*, * Speak-
Go tell that farting Fool your Master, ing to
That such a whistling scab as he, *Boreas*
Was ne'r cut out to rule the Sea; himself,

(a) But that it to my Empire fell;
Bid him go vapour in his Cell;
There let him puff and domineer,
But make no more such foisting here:
And for what's past (if my aim miss not)
I'll teach him fizzle in my Piss-pot.

(b) Scarce had he bubbled out his Sentence,
But that they fled to shew repentance,
And he that erst had made a din most,
Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.
Even as a flock of Geese do flutter,
When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper:
So nimbly flew away these Scoundrels,
Glad they had scap'd, and sav'd their poun-
(drels.

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro;*
Non illi Imperium pelagi -----

(a) *Sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,*
Vestras Eure domos. Illâ se jactet in Aulâ
Eolus, & clauso ventorum carcere regnet.

(b) *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida aquora placat.*

B

(c) Now

(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
 The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
 The Sun shone bright, as on a *May-day* ;
 Had there been grass, one might have made hay:
 But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,
 Their Men all dasht like water Rats ;
 Neptune at that his speed redoubles,
 To ease them of their peck of Troubles :
 He thrust his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,
 Betwixt the Boats and that that staid 'um,
 And lifted them shier off as clever,
 As he had had a Crow or Leaver :
 Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
 And row, East, West, or South, or Norward.
 If the Rogues come again, I'll swil 'um ;
 I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium* ;
 And you *Aeneas* and your Men,
 If e'r you come this way agen,
 I hope you'l call, or I'll be sorry,
 I'll have a dish of Lobsters for ye.
Aeneas who was gentle-hearted,
 Scrap'd him a leg, and so they parted.

They take their Sculls again and ply 'um,
 Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'um :
 Away they cut as swift as Swallows,
 Plowing the Sea, as Men do Fallows ;

(c) *Collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit,
 Cymothoe simul & Triton adnixus acuto
 Detrudunt naveis scopulo ; levat ipse Tridenti,
 Et vastas aperit Syrticis & temperat aquor.*

Till e'r a Man could well tell Ten,
Or go to th' door and back agen,

(d) They all as plainly saw the other
Side, as we now see one another :

Then there old tugging was, and pulling ;
Never such plying and such sculling ;
They whoop'd and sung gladder and gladder ;
I think March-hares were never madder.

At last, all dangers notwithstanding,

(e) They came unto a place of Landing ;
A pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs,
Just such another pair as *Trigg-Stairs* :

Not made for Watermen but Women
That use to come and wash their Linnen :
There was old striving then, and thrusting,
Which with their Sculler should get first in.

Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) shew some breeding,
Let's have no more haste than good speeding ;

Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
And let your Betters go before ye.
With that they all gave place, and reason,
It else had been no less than Treason :

—— (d) *Quæ proxima littora cursu
Contendunt petere.*

(e) *Est in successu longo locus ; Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.*

(f) Whilest our *Æneas* at two leaping,
Set the first foot upon the steppings;
Then all the rest came in a bundle,
As they would burst each others Trundle:
Weary they were, the Wind had douc't 'um,
And so they fate 'um down, and lows'd 'um.

(g) After awhile, a Fellow knocks
Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-box.
For each Man had his Flint and Touchwood,
The World besides could shew no such wood;
Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Bryers,
And fall a making them good Fires;
Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on,
To make them Porridge without Mutton.

(b) In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a Hill, to look about him,
And as he there awhile stood gazing,

(i) He saw some sheep below him grazing.

----- (f) *Æneas collectis navibus omni
Ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore
Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ,
Et sale tabentes artus in littore ponunt.*

(g) *Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates.
Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem corruptam undis, Cerealiaque arma
Expediunt, fessi rerum, frugēque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere saxo*

(h) *Æneas scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem
Prospexit lato pelago petit.*

----- (i) *Tres littore cervos
Prospicit Errantes.*-----

(k) 0

(k) O ho, quoth he, I'll soon be wy' ye,
Besworn I'm glad at heart to see ye.

This said, away my Youth does go,
And fetches strait a good Yew Bow,
His Arrows under s Belt he sticks too,
(For he could shoot at Butts and Pricks too)
His Head he put a good Steel Cap on,
Because he knew not what might happen:
And thus as if he went to battle,
He goes to murder poor Mens Cattle.

(l) His Arrow in the String he nocks,
And shoots among the harmless Flocks:
These prov'd by chance to be the fairest,
But he still shot at that was nearest.

(m) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other shots he made, were short all:
These to his hungry Mates he hurries,
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?)

(n) Here lads, quoth he, here's sides & haunches,
Fall too, and fill your empty paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of boasting,
(o) But some to boiling fell, some roasting;

(k) *Constitit hic, Arcumque manu, sceleresque sagittas,*
(l) *Ductoresque ipsos, primum capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis sternit.

(m) *Nec prius abstittit quàm septem ingentia victor*
Corpora fundit humi.

(n) ----- *Et socios patitur in omnes.*

(o) *Pars in frustra secant, verubusque tremantia figunt,*
Littore abena locant alii, flammæque ministrant.

'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, guts and all;
Yet scarce could satisfie their hungers,
These *Trojans* were such Mutton-mongers.

(p) There was by chance a *stoop of Liquor*,
Cork't up in Bottles made of Wicker,
Giv'n by my Hostess, I conceive,
When first *Aeneas* took his leave:
This drink (to make their Feast the fuller)
Aeneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
And like a Man had something in him,
Gave it as free as e'r 'twas gi'n him:
Himself a dish he first pour'd out,
For fear it would not go about;
Then stroaking up his whiskers greasie,
He thus begins in words most easie.

(q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
W'are got at last safe o're the Ferry;
And though w'ave had but angry wark, yet
Let's make the best of a bad Market:
To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
A grain of mirth's worth pounds of sorrow;

(p) *Vina bonus quæ deinde cadis onorarat Acestes
Littore Minacrio, dederatque abeuntibus, Heres
Dividit, & dictis merentia pectora mulcet.*

(q) *O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
O passi graviora, Dabit Deus his quoque finem:
Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitusque sonantes
Acceffis scopulos; vos & Cyclopea saxa
Expertj-----*

(r) Be

(r) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart, you know, ne'r won fair Lady :
What though awhile we fare but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lie :
We shall have Houses, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty Patches, where no Pox is :
And then all this, that seems t' undo us,
Will be but sport and pastime to us.

(s) Thus did this subtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter ;
As who would make 'um understand
How pretty a Fellow he was on's hand :
When I (for all's brave n'alls) must tell ye,
His heart then panted in his belly,

(t) Down glides his Ale over his pallat,
As glib as't had been Oil of Sallet ;
And all the rest in their due order
Quafft till their drink would go no further.

(u) Now having spent their drink and vittles
They rise, and wipe their greasie *Ibixittles*,

----- (r) *Revocate animos, maestumque timorem
Mittite ; forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt.*

(s) *Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,
Spem vultu simulat ; premit altum corde dolorem.*

(t) *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferina.*

(u) *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaque remota,
Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt.*

And stroaking them began to mind 'um
 Of those were left at Sea behind 'um :
 With that *Æneïs* made a motion
 To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
 If from the Cliffs, and Promontories,
 They might espie their Fellow Tories ;
 At that they went, some this, some that way,
 Some went not far, and some a great way ;
 Some whoopt, some hollow'd, & some shouted,
 (x) Some thought 'um safe, and others doubted,
 Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
 To list if they could hear 'um coming ;
 But all in vain, for none could spie 'um,
 They fear'd their friends, for none was ny 'um.
 At last by general Approbation,
 They laid 'um down, as was the fashion,
 And slept, being tyr'd with pains and feasting;
 When Belly's full, Bones would be resting.

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,
 With such a noise as made the shore ring,
 Or such a din as Dogs do utter,
 When they by Night together clutter ;
 Snarling and swearing in lewd fashion,
 For Bitch of evil Conversation :

(y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leisure,
 Walking, or for his health, or pleasure,

(x) *Spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
 Sive extrema pati ;*

----- (y) *Cum Jupiter æthere summo
 Despicens mare velivolum terrasque jacentes,
 Littoraque -----*

Looking about on ev'ry side him,
 (z) O th' *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd them,
 And said in merry kind of Japing,
 Indeed Sirs, have I ta'en you Napping?
 Scarce had he spoke, when all oth' sudden,
 Whilest he was on the *Trojans* stud'ing;
 Who should come there to do her duty,
 But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty!

* This *Venus* without counterfetting,
 Was a fine Lass on's own begetting,
 Thou ne'r saw'st prettier in thy life,
 Although he had her not by's Wife,
 But by a Fish-wench he was kind to,
 And so she came in at the window:
 Now *Venus* was *Ænea*'s Mother,
 And him she had by such another
 Royster as *Jove* was, when on Groundsel,
 He firkt her Mothers privy Council;
 In the behalf then of her By-blow,
 Which had endured many a dry-blow;
 (a) She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,
 And hardly could she speak for sobbing:
 Until at last, with a fine Linning
 Wrought round with blue, of her own spinning
 VViping her face from tears and snivil,
 She thus began in words most civil.

* See
Servius
 upon
Virgil.

— (z) & *Lybia defixit lumina Regnis.*
 (a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*
Tristior & lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes
Alloquitur Venus.

(b) O thou, of Gods, and Men, the King,
That canst do any kind of thing;
That past their wits dost Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder dost, or lighten:
What could *Æneas* do to thee?
Who car'st a fart for no body:

(c) Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they still must Fools be made on,
And that thou wilt for no persuasions
Let them go follow their occasions?

(d) I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore it,
(Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'um, This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what;
And that out of your bounteous Givings,
They should have all both Lands and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy*:
But I perceive 'twas all a Lye.

(e) *Jove*, stroking up his great Mustachoes,
Smil'd for to see her so outrageous,
For had she broke a Pot or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

---- (b) O qui res hominumque Deumque
Æternis regis Imperiis, & fulmine terras;

(c) Quid Troes potuere? quibus tot funera passis
Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur Orbis?

(d) Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
Hinc fore ductores, revocato à sanguine Teucris,
Qui mare qui terras omni ditione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quæ te Genitor sententia vertit?

(e) Olli subridens hominum sator atque Deorum,

He lov'd her so, and 'tis too common,
 Either in Man, or else in Woman;
 Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,
 More dearly than their lawful Issue.

(f) *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her,
 (For she had made his Mouth to water)
 Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her
 A Kiss of a lascivious flavor.

(g) My pretty Wench, quoth he, I prethee,
 Let's have no more such puling with thee:
 All shall be well enough, ne'r fear it;
 And by my Beard once more I swear it,
 Thy Son *Æneas*, thou dost doubt so,
 Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout so,
 Shall be a King, or Prince at least;
 I speak in earnest, not in jest.
 With that he whistled out most mainly,
 You might have heard his Fist as plainly
 From one side of the Sky to th'other,
 As you and I hear one another.
 Thrice whistled he, when by and by,
 Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,
 And askt him without more ado,
 What 'twas he whistled for, and who?

(f) *Vultu quo Cælum, Tempestatesque serenat,
 Oscula libavit Gnata; dehinc talia fatur.*

(g) *Parce metu Cytherca; manent immota tuorum
 Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promissa Lavini
 Mœnia, sublimemque feres ad sidera cœli
 Magnanimum Æneam.*

This

This *Merc'ry* you must understand Sir,
 Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer :
 A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,
 Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
 * Dance, run, and leap, frisk and curvet,
 * See Tumble, and do the *Sommerfet* ;
Plaut. in And flie with artificial wings,
Amphytr. Ty'd to his head and heels with strings :
 'Twas he first taught to flie i' th' Air,
 As we have seen at *Bartle Fair* ;
 A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
 And one that well could say his Errant :
 An exc'lent Servant, in plain dealing,
 But that he was inclin'd to stealing.

(b) Sirrah, quoth *Jove*, go take your Pumps,
 And haste to *Carthage*, stir your stumps ;
 And as thou art a cunning Prater,
 Play me the fine Insinuator :
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*
 Possess throughout with kind opinions
 Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*
 Not knowing things so well as I do,
 Should shew 'um all a Trick of *Pass-pass*,
 And chance t' indict them for a *Trespas*.
 Away he flies *sans* further speech,
 As he had had a Squib in's breech ;

(h) *Hæc ait, & Ma'a genitum demittit ab alto,
 Ut terra, utque novæ pateant Carthaginiæ arces
 Hospitio Teucris, nè fati nescia Dido
 Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aëra magnum
 Remigio Alarum, & Libyæ citus astitit oris.*

And

And suddenly without discerning,

(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yearning,
Dido for her part, swore a *Trojan*
 Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.

Mean while the *Trojans* slept at ease,
 Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,
 Their soft repose in quiet taking.

(k) Onely *Aeneas* he was waking ;
 Who whilest the night was dark and o'ercast,
 Like one that had an ex lent forecast,
 Lay thinking now his Guts grew limber,
 How they might get more *Belly-timber* :
 No sooner the Light first came creeping,
 But that he cry'd, Ah Fool ! art peeping ?
 And up he starts to go a stealing,
 Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing ;
 And yet he thought, being a Stranger,
 To go alone might be some danger ;

(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiss
 To call a trusty Friend of his ;
 And that he might go on the bolder,
 He laid a Two-hand Bat on's shoulder.

Thus going then abroad for Food,

(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood ;

----- (i) *Ponuntque ferocia Pœni*
corda, volente Deo ; imprimis Regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

(k) *At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens,*
Ut primum lux alma data est, -----

----- (l) *Ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate*
Bina manu lato crispans bastilia ferro.

(m) *Cui mater media sese tulit obviam sylva,*
Virgini os habitumque gerens.

So

So smug she was, and so array'd,
 He took his Mother for a Maid :
 A gréat mistake in her, whose Bum
 So oft had been god *Mars* his Drum ;
 When oft, full oft the lusty Drum stick,
 Breaking quite through would in her Bumstick.
 Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows ;
 And let her self be chuckt as tamely,
 As if therein there did no blame lie,
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

(n) Well met, young Man, quoth *Venus* kindly,
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,
 Pray did you not, for all your haste, note
 A Lafs in Petticoat and Waistcoat ;
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
 Driving a Sow and Pigs before her ?

(o) No trully, quoth *Aeneas* mild,
 I saw nor Man, Woman, or Child ;
 Yet though I say't, had I been nigh her,
 I could as soon as others spy her :
 But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,
 As if thy words came through a Quill ?
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,
 Thou look'st and speakest so demurely :

----- (n) *Hæu, inquit, iuuenes, monstrate mearum
 Vidistis squam hic errantem sorte sororum,
 Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculosæ tegmine lyncis,
 Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem ?*

----- (o) *Veneris contra sic filius orsus :
 Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.
 O quam te memorem virgo ? namque haud tibi vultus
 Mortali, nec vox hominem sonat : o dea certe.* (p) There-

(p) Therefore good Mistrefs, or good Lady,
I do beseech you, if it may be,

To put us out of fear of dangers,

(q) Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers.

(r) *Venus*, at that, wrigling and mumping,

Cryes, pray yong Man, leave off your frumping,

For until now I've met with no Man,

E'r took me for a Gentlewoman :

She that I ask for is my Sister ;

I wonder how the Pox you-mist her !

We were this morning sent in haste

To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.

(s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor*,

The Land's so good it needs no *Meanor* :

(t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who

Run hither a good while ago :

She is a Queen of gentle bearing,

Whose Story will be worth the hearing :

(u) But should I tell it all out-right,

I think 'twould last a Winters night.

(x) Therefore in short, this same Queen *Dido*,

Who now, alas, is left a Widow !

Had one *Sichæus* to her Honey,

A wealthy Man in Land and Money :

(p) *An Phæbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una !*

----- (q) *Quo sub cælo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*
Fastemur doceas---

(r) *Tum Venus : Haud equidem tali me dignor honore*

(s) *Punica regna vides, Tyrios & Agenoris urbem,*

(t) *Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta*

----- (u) *longa est injuria, longæ*

Ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

(x) *Huic conjux Sychæus erat, ditissima agri.*

(y) Whom

(y) Whom one *Pygmalion* unawares,
 Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers ;
 Onely for lucre of his pelf,
 Which he had thought t'have had himself,
 (z) And fob'd *Queen Dido* off some season,
 (Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)
 By telling her a Flim-flam prattle
 That he was gone to buy some Cattle:
 But on a time, as without doubt,
Murther at some odd time will out :
 One night as she did sleep and snore,
 As she had never slept before,

(a) Into her Chamber, dores unlocking,
 Comes me her Husband without knocking:
 A Link he in his hand did brandish,
 His face was paler than your Band is:
 Nearer he came, and would have kifs'd her,
 At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her ;
 But being a Ghost of civil fashion,
 He gave her *Words of Consolation*.

Quoth he, I murd'red am, my Jewel,
 By wayes most barbarous and cruel :
 And for to shew I tell no Fibs,

(b) Look what a hole here's in my Ribs.

----- (y) *Ille Sychæum*
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum superat-----

----- (z) *ægram*
(Multa malus simulans) vana spe lussit amantem.
 (a) *Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis at tollens pallada miris :

----- (b) *Trajectaque pectora ferro*
'Nudavit :-----

And

And if thou stay'st, that Rogue *Pygmalion*
Intends to use thee like a Stallion:

(c) Therefore be gone, thou and thy Méany,
But leave the Rascal ne'r a Penny
To blefs himself; it lies each Farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garding.

(d) *Dido* at this, rises up early,
And with her Servants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pygmalions* Curses,
Steals all his Money-bags, and Purfes;
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,
Shipt all his Goods away at once,
And got off safe, whil't all this Geer
Was ordered by a *Wastcoateer*.

(e) At last she came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire Steeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for
Five Marks, as some would give five pound for;
Where now she lives a Huswife wary,
Has her ground stockt, and keeps a Dairy:

(c) *Tum celerare fugam patriâque excedere suadet,
Auxiliumque viæ, veteres tellure recludit
Thesaurus, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.*

(d) *Hæ commota fugam, Dido, sociosque parabat:
Conveniunt quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ fortè paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro; portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago; Dux fœmina facti.*

(e) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthagini arcem,
Mercatique solum facti de nomine Byrsam.
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

C

(f) And

(f) And now young man, I pray ye shew me
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?

(g) This being said, our lutt'ry Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labor,
And looking rufully upon her,
Oh! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honor,
Should I begin my Story spinning,
From the first end to th' last beginning,
I doubt to finish we should miss time,
For it would last till t' morrow this time.

(b) We Trojans are of Troy-Town Race,
(If e'r you heard of such a place.)

(i) And I Æneas fam'd in Fight;
But much more for a Carpet-Knight.
Who bring along our Countrey Gods,
A company of smoaky Toads,
Catcht out o'th' fire, from the Greek,
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my Pedigree,
(Although I say't) with any He,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Especially by th' Mothers fide.

(f) *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut venistis ab ori?*
Quove tenetis iter? -----

----- (g) *Quærenti talibus ille*
Suspirans, imoque irakens à pectore vocem:
O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum,
Ante diem clauso componet vesper Olympo.

(h) *Nos Troja antiqua (si vestras fortè per aures*
Troæ nomen iit) -----

(i) *Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoste penates.*
Classè veho mecum, -----

Did my Fame never hither come ?
I'm talk'd of far, and near at home ;
To tell you truly as a Friend,

(*k*) For *Italy* we did intend,
And put to Sea in paltry weather,

(*l*) With twenty pair of Oars together ;
Of which there hardly are left seven,
Which put into the Shore last Even.

(*m*) *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying,
And seeing he could scarce hold crying ;
Thus cut him off in courteous fashion
I th' midst on's pitiful Relation :

(*n*) Whoe'r thou art, take heart I say,
Rome can't be built all on a day ;
And though y'have suffer'd some disasters,
Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,
'Tis a good sign that those Gods love ye,
For all your haste, that hither drove ye :
You might have walkt your Pumps apieces,
E'r light on such a place as this is.

(*o*) Go me to th' *Queen* now out of hand ;
And shew her how your matters stand :

(*k*) *Italiam quero, patriam, & genus ab Jove summo.*

(*l*) *Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus æquor,
Matre dea monstrante viam, data fata sequutus.
Vix septem convulsæ undis, Euroque supersunt.*

----- (*m*) *Nec plura querentem
Passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est.*

(*n*) *Quisquis es, haud (credo) invisus caelestibus, miras
Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui ad veneris urbem*

(*o*) *Perge modò atque hinc te regina ad limina prefer.*

She'll Make you welcome for her part ;
She loves tall Fellows in her heart :

(p) There on my honest word, you'll meet
Your lost Companions, I fore-see't ;
And have all things that you would wish,

(q) Or surely I was taught amiss :
(And I a Father had, could make
In time of need, an Almanack)

Chear up your hearts, your spirits rally,
And ne r stand fooling, shall I, shall I,
But budge, jog on, bestir your Toes,

(r) There lies your way, follow your Nose.

(s) With that she turn'd to go away,
And did her freckl'd Neck display ;
By which, and by a certain whiff,
Came from her Arm pits, or her Cliff,
And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his Mothers Grace :

(t) Mother, quoth he, why dost thou run thus,
And with thy *Mumming* cheat thy Son thus ?

(p) *Namque tibi reduces socios classēque relatam
Nuntio -----*

(q) *Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

(r) *Perge modò & qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.*

(s) *Dixit : & avertens rosā cervice refulsit ;
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere ; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos ;*

*Et vera incessu patuit dea ; ille ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce sequutus.*

(t) *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis
Ludis imaginibus ? cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces ?*

Why

Why may we not ſhake one another
By th' hand, and talk like Son and Mother ?
Oh think upon our woful Caſes,
Whil'ſt thus we wander in ſtrange places !

(u) But ſhe was gone, for when ſhe liſt,
She ſoiſt away could, in a Miſt ;
Nor could ſhe tarry, to ſay truly,
For ſhe had made a promiſe newly
To meet a Friend of hers to dally,
In a blind Street they call *Ram-Alley*,
Æneas then began to find,
That there was ſomething in the wind,
And ſaid, My Mother's a mad ſhaver,
No Man alive knows where to have her ;
But I'd as live as Half a Crown,
We two could walk ſo into th' Town.

Venus heard what he ſaid, for ſhe
Could hear, as far as we can ſee ;
And in a moment to befriend 'm,
Two Cloaks inviſible did lend 'm.

Thus cloakt, their Knavery to ſhelter,
(y) Away they trudge it helter ſkelter,
Until *Æneas* and his Friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Towns end.

(u) *At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit
Et multo nebula circum dea fudit amictu,
Cernere nequīs eos, nec quīs contingere poſſet,
Moliri ve moram -----*

(x) *Ipsa Paphum ſublimis abit, -----*

(y) *Corripuere viam interea, qua ſemita monſtrat ;
ſamque aſcendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adverſaque aſpectat deſuper arces.*

(z) *Aeneas* star'd about and wonderd,
To see of Houses a whole hunderd :
But when he saw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.

(a) The Town was full all in a pother,
Some doing one thing, some another ;
Some digging were, some making Mortar,
Some hewing Stones, and such a Quarter ;
For they were all as Story tells,
Building or doing something else ;

(b) And to be short, all that he sees,
Were working busily as Bees.

(c) I' th' middle of the Town there stood
A goodly *Elm* ore-grown with Wood ;
And under that were Stocks most duly,
To lock them fast that were unruly :
There sat they down to ease their Travel,
Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel :
And lookt about as they lay lurking,

(d) To see the busie *Tyrrians* working ;
But none could see them for their spell,
They were so hid, they might as well,
Though they had been never so nigh 'um,
See through a double dore as spy 'um.

(z) *Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam ;*

(a) *Instant ardentem Tyrii ; pars, ducere muros
Meliorique arcem, & manibus sub solvere saxa ;
Pars aptare locum testis, & concludere sulco.*

(b) *Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor -----*

(c) *Lacus in urbe fuit media, latissimus umbra :*

(d) *Infert se septus nebula (mirabile dictu)
Per medios, miscetque viris neque cernitur ulli.*

Net

Near stood the Church, a pretty Building;
Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding,
I cannot liken any to it,
Unless't be *Panrace*, if you know it.

(e) This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholding unto none;
But built it all both Stick and Stone,
At her own proper cost and charges;
No Church i'th' Countrey near so large is:
It was well laid, with Lime and Mortar:
For so the Workmen did exhort her,
Because it would be so much stronger,
And so you know would last the longer.
It had a Dore peg'd with a Pin,
To shut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty wooden Steeple,
A Low Bell hung to call the People.

Aeneas and his Friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whose misty Cloaks so well did hide 'um,
That in they went, and no one spy'd um.

(f) But then they wonder'd to behold
The Images so manifold,

(c) *Hi, templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido
Condebat*

(f) *Artificumque manus inter se, operumque labores
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque tam fama totum vulgata per orbem;
Atidas, Priamumque, & saevum ambobus Achillem,
Constitit, & lachrymans: Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate
Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

That staring stood in sundry places,
 As if they would flie in their faces,
 Then, quoth *Æneas*, to's Comrade,
 This Fellow Master was on's Trade,
 That pictur'd these : Look, look, as I am
 An honest man, yonder's our *Priam* ;
 See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,
 As he could speak both Greek and Latin,
 Whoop yonder's *Heclor* too, and *Troylus*,
 Look thee, how there the *Grecians* foil us ;

(g) And there our trusty *Trojans* do
 Bang them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
 Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
 With his Cock-feather in his Cap ;
 And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,
 Knocks him with lusty Bastinado.
 How came these here t'be pictur'd thus ?
 Sure all the World has heard of us.

(b) Whil'st thus *Æneas* sad and muddy,
 Stood musing in a dark brown Study,
 In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
 In Apron white, as on a *May-day* :
 A crew of Roysters waited on her,
 Which there were call'd her Men of Honor ;
 All clad in fair blew Coats and Badges,
 To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

-----(g) videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
 Hac fugerent Graii, premaret Trojana juventus :
 Hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.

(h) Hac dum Dardanio, *Ænea* miranda videntur,
 Dum stupet, obtutâque hæret defixus in uno :
 Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima *Dido*
 Incessit magno juvenum stipante caterva.

(i) Even

(i) Even as a proper Woman shows
When unto Wake, or Fair she goes,
Clad in her best Apparel, so
Queen *Dido* all this time did show,
And was so brave a buxom Lass,
That she did all i'th' Town surpass.
Into the midst o'th' Church she marches,
And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool set for the nonce,
She went to rest her Marrow-bones,
And on a Cushion stufft with Flocks,
She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.

(k) There *Dido* sate in State each day,
To hear what any one could say ;
Some to rebuke, and for to smoothe some,
And give out Laws wholesome, or toothsome ;
To punish such as had Insolence,
And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens* :
And there likewise each morning tide,
She did the young Mens Tasks divide,
Wherein great Policy did lurk,
Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,
And fell about it without jangling :
But that which kept them most from wrangling

(i) *Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille sequuntæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes.*

(k) *Tum foribus divæ, media testudine templi,
Septa armis, solioque altè subnixa resedit ;
Fura dabat, legesque viris, operumque laborem
Partibus aquabat justis, aut sorte traherat.*

Was

Was that they still drew cuts to know,
Whether they should work hard or no :
And who had th' longest cut, and th' best,
Had still more work than all the rest.

(l) Here whil' st *Æneas* squeez'd and thrust is,
To see Queen *Dido* doing justice :
Who should he but his Fellow spie
Got into *Dido's* Company ?

There *Antheus* was (no Mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergestus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapor ;
Cloanthus too, the Woollen-Draper :
All which and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to shore.

(m) At this, *Æneas* and his Friend
Were e'n almost at their wits end ;
Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I swear,
Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here ?
Nay, quoth the other presently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I ?

(n) *Æneas* was so glad on's kin,
He ready was t' leap out on's skin,
And so was t' other, for, in sadness,
They were e'n mad, 'twixt fear and gladness :

(l) Cum subito *Æneas* concursu accedere magno
Anthea, *Sergestum*que videt fortemque *Cloanthum*,
*Teucrorum*que alios, ater quos æquore turbe
Disfulerat penitusque alias advexerat oras.

(m) Obstupuit simul ipse, simul percussus *Achates* :

(n) Latitiaque metuque avidi conjungere dextras
Ardebant ; sed res animos incognita turbat ;
Dissimulant, & nubæ cava speculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris ; -----

But

But yet it seems, they were so wise,
To keep them safe in their disguise ;
Until their Friends had try'd th' Opinions
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

(o) At last they saw one *Ileoneus*,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious :
A Youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician :
One that could write and read ; and had
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,
Thrust up to *Dido* in good fashion,
And thus begins his fine Oration.

(p) O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,
And keepst thy Ground in hearty Tillage :
O thou, who hast the Royal Science,
To govern Men as wild as Lyons,
Behold us here, who look like Men
New eaten and spew'd up agen :
So spitefully has Fortune crost us,
So wofully the Seas have tost us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you see,
Even as poor as poor may be ;
Thrown on this Shore by Wind and Weather ;
Ill luck, the Devil, and altogether ;

(o) *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore cepit ;

(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Fustitiaque dedit gentes frænare superbas.
Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia velti
Oramus, prohibe infandos à navibus ignes :
Parce pio generi, & propius res affice nostras.

And

And humbly do beseech your Grace,
 To pity our most woful case.
 Your Men are all in hurly-burly,
 And look upon us grim and furly,
 So that if you be not good to us,
 They ll burn our Boats, and quite undo us.
 Therefore we pray you send some one,
 To bid 'um let our Boats alone.

(q) Alas ! we come not to purloin,
 Either your Cattle, or your Coin,
 Neither to filch Linnen or Wollen,
 Nor yet to steal away your Pullen ;
 W' have no such knavish ends as these,
 But only to beg Bread and Cheefe.

(r) We were hard rowing to a place,
 A hardish kind of Name it has,
 Where once your what shal's cal'ums (rot 'um !
 It makes me mad I have forgot 'um)
 Liv'd a great while ; but now d'ye see,
 'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy* :

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare penates
 Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere pradas :
 Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia vultis.*

(r) *Est locus (Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)
 Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebae ;
 Oenotrii coluere viri : nunc fama minores
 Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine gentem :
 Huc cursu fuist ----*

(s) When

(s) When on a sudden one *Orion*,
Powder'd upon us like a *Lyon*,
And ſquander'd us on Flats and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown our ſelves :
So that of Sixſcore men, and deſt ones,
Even here, O *Queen*, are all left on's.
Then what ſhould ail your *Tyrians* thus
To ſcowl and look askew at us ;
Or where the Devil were they bred,
Sure ranker Clowns ne'r liv'd by Bread !
And, for to tell your Grace my thought,
I think they'r better fed than taught,
For (as I am an honeſt man,
Let 'um deny it if they can.)

(u) No ſooner landed we to bait us,
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us :
But *Queen*, I hope, thou'lt teach the Wretches,
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

(x) *Aeneas* once did us command,
A taller Fellow of his hand,

(s) ----- *Cum ſubitò aſurgens nimboſus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitùſque procacibus Auſtris,
Pérque undas ſuperante ſalo, pérque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit, huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris ;

(t) *Quod genus hoc hominum ? quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria ?

(u) *Hospitio prohibemur arena,*
Bella cient, primaque vetant conſiſtere terra.

(x) *Rex erat Aeneas nobis ; quo juſtior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis ;
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Ætherea nec adhuc crudelibus accubat umbris,
Non metus, offiſio nec te certaffe priorem
Pœniteat -----

Nor

Nor honefter, ne'r did, or fhall,
 Draw out a Trapftick to a Wall.
 If he but live, and that already
 He be not drowned in fome eddy,
 You of your coft will ne'r repent you,
 For to a penny he ll content you.

(y) Look then o'th' *Trojans*, and befriend 'um,
 Let's draw our Boats afhore, and mend 'um.
 We'll promife you, if that we meet
 Our Captain with the reft o'th' Fleet,
 And if he be not turn'd to a Gudgeon,
 We towards *Italy* will trudge on ;

(z) And if that he fhall ftill be lacking,
 Then back again we'll ftraight be packing.

(*) *Dido* like Woman of good fafhion,
 Gave fpecial heed to his Relation,
 And all the while he did relate it,
 Mumpt like a Bride that would be at it.
 At laft when he had told his Tale,
 Mantling like Mare in Martingale,
 She thus reply'd ; *Trojans* be cheery,
 Pluck up your hearts, and reft you merry ;

(y) *Quaffatam ventis liceat subducere claffem,
 Et fylvos aptare trabes, & stringere remos ;
 Si datur Italiam sociis, & rege recepto.*

*Tendere, ut Italiam laeti, Latiumque petamus ;
 (z) Sin abfumpta falus, & te, pater optime Teucrum,
 Pontus habet Lybiae, nec fpes jam reftat Iuli ;
 At freta Sicaniae faltem fedesque paratas,
 Unde huc advefti, regemque petamus Aceftem.*

(*) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demiffa profatur :
 Solvite corde metum Teucris ; fecludite curas.
 Res dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt
 Moliri, -----*

Our Towns-folks here are something wary ;
 Not that they any Ill-will bear you ;
 For they are very honest Fellows,
 But that of late a chance befel us.
 To tell you true, the other day,
 When all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,
 A lusty Rascal, such a one
 As one of you (dispraise to none)
 Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,
 Where all our Cloaths were hung to Bleach,
 Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,
 The very best of all my Stock ;
 And runs away wi't in a trice :
 ('T had ne'r been on my back past twice :)
 But you I know such baseness scorn,
 You all are Men well bred and born.

(a) Who has not heard o'th' *Trojan* people,
 And of *Aeneas* and his Swipple ?
 Nor shall you find us Dames of *Tyre*,
 So far remov'd from *Phæbus* fire ;
 But we can cherish lusty Y'eomen,
 And carry Toyes like other Women,

(b) Therefore you shall, whither you go
 Straight on to *Italy*, or no :

(a) *Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Trojae nesciat urbem ?
 Virtutesque, virosque, aut tanti incendia belli ?*

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pæni ;
 Nec tam adversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe ;*

(b) *Seu vos Hesperiam magnam. Saturnidque arva.
 Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Acestem,
 Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque juvabo.*

Or

Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Parish back again,
Have what you want ; nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get Money :

(c) But if you'll tarry here, this Town
That I now build shall be your own ;
And be as free you *Trojans* shall,
As any *Tyrian* of 'um all.

A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hose on's head :
(d) And I could wish that the same weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to do ;

(e) But I'll send out my Men ; who knows
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-woods, or getting Nuts,
For very need to fill his Guts ?

(f) *Æneas* in his misty Cloke,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* spoke.

(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis ?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est ; subducite naves.
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

(d) *Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem
Afferet Æneas ; -----*

----- (e) *Per littora certos
Dimittam, & Lybiæ lustrare extrema jubebo,
Si quibus ejectus sylvis, aut urbibus errat*

(f) *His animum arreſſi dictis, & fortis Achates,
Et Pater Æneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant -----*

Her honey words made his mouth water,
 And he e'en twitter'd to be at her,
 But he was so o'er-joy'd he stood
 Like a great Sloven made of Wood ;
 And could not speak (though he were willing)
 Would one have gi'n him Forty shilling.

(g) At last his Friend jog'd him with's hand ;
 How like a Logger-head you stand !

Quoth he, for certainly I think,
 Thou'rt either mad, or in thy drink :
 Dost thou not see our Friends all round,
 Excepting one whom we saw drown'd :
 And all as well, as heart can wish,
 And yet thou stand'st as mute as Fish !

(b) Scarce had he spoke, but off he threw
 His Mantle made of Mists so blew,
 And stood as plainly to be seen
 As any there, *God blest the Queen.*

(i) For's Mother had so dizen'd him,
 That he should shew both neat and trim :

(g) Prior *Aeneam* compellat *Achates*,
Nate dea, quæ nunc animo sententia surgit ?
Omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos :
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
Submersum. — — —

(h) *Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente*
Scindit se nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum :
Restitit Aeneas, claraque in luce refulsit,

(i) *Os humerisque Deo similis ; namque ipsa decoram*
Cæsariem nato genetrix lumenque juventae
Purpureum, lætos oculis afflarat honores ;

D

Though

Though (truly !) he was but an odd man,
 Splay-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd, like the god
 Yet could he not i'th' nick invent (Pan.

Her Majesty a Compliment :

But scratch't his head and gan to sputter,
 His elbow rub'd and kept a clutter,
 Mopping and mowing, till at last
 All difficulties over-past,

(k) In Courtly Phrase it thus came out ;

Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout :
 That same *Aneas* whom you prize thus,
 Is here without *Deceptio Visus* ;
 I that same very man am here,
 And come to taste of your good chear.

(l) O *Dido* Primrose of Perfection,
 Who only grantest kind protection
 To wandring *Trojans*, how shall we
 E'er pay thee for this Courtesie !
 We never can my dainty Friend ;
 Then let *Jove* do't, and there's and end.

(k) Tum sic reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente
 Improvisus ait : Coram, quem quaritis adsum
 Troius *Aneas* -----

(l) O sola infandos Trojae miserata labores :
 Quæ nos, reliquias Danaum terræque marisque
 Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,
 Urbe, domo socias. Grates persolvere dignas
 Non opus est nostræ, Dido : nec quicquid ubique est
 Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ sparsa per orbem.
 Dii tibi (si qua pios respectant numina, siquid
 Usquam justitiæ est, & mens sibi conscia recti)
 Præmia digna ferant ; -----

(m) Thus

(m) Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech ;
And spoke to's men, says, Lads how is't ?
Come give me every one a Fist ;
How dost thou *Guy*, and Sirs how do ye ?
Now by my troth, I'm glad to see ye ;
'Tis better being here I trow,
Then where we were a while ago,
No longer since than yesterday :
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may say.
With that to shaking hands they fall,
And he most friendly shak't them all :
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have shak't 'um better.

(n) Queen *Dido* ravish't to behold
The Carriage sweet of this Springold.
Star'd for a while, as she'd look through him,
And then thus brake her mind unto him.

(o) O thou who hast so finely been bred,
And com'n art of such honest Kindred,
By what strange luck hast thou been hurry'd,
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd !
'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy Hoops,
Th'ast been so bang'd about the Stoops.

(m) *Sic fatus ; amicum
Ilionea petit dextra lævaque Serestum ;
Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

(n) *Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
Casu deinde viri tanto ; & sic ore locuta est ;*

(o) *Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus
Insequitur ! quæ vis immanibus applicat oris ?*

D 2

(p) Art

- (p) Art thou *Æneas* with th' great Ware
 So famous for a Cudgel player,
 Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices
 Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchises* ?
 (q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
 (I think he had not many Sprucer)
 To take possession of an Island,
 That was some Twenty Rood of dry-land.
 (r) And he still gave great commendations
 Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations;
 He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
 And told me you and he were Cousins.
 (s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you
 Are welcome without more adoe.
 I have my self (I'd have you know)
 Been driven to my shifts e'r now;
 And therefore in my Jurisdiction,
 Pity a Beast that's in affliction:
 (t) With that she stretched forth a hand,
 So white, it made *Æneas* stand

(p) Tūc ille *Æneas*, quem *Dardanio Anchise*
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?

(q) Atque equidem *Teucrum* memini *Sidona* venire,
Frisius expulsus patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli; -----

(r) Ipse hostis *Teucros* insigni laude ferebat;
 Seque ortum antiqua *Teucrorum* à stirpe volebat.

(s) Quare agite, o testis juvenes succedite nostris.
 Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores

Fallatam, hac demum voluit consistere terra.
 Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

(t) Sic memorat; simul *Æneam* in regia ducit
Tecta; -----

Amaz'd

Amaz'd to see't (for know that she
Still wash't her hands in Chamber-Lee)
And led *Æneas* in kind fashion,
Towards her Graces habitation ;
And made a Curtzy at the dore,
And pray'd him to go in before :
But he most curteously cry'd no,
I hope I'm better bred than so ;
But let him say what he say could,
Dido swore *Faith and Troth* he should :
Well (quoth *Æneas*) I see still,
Women and Fools must have their will :
And thereupon without more talking,
Enters before her proudly stalking,
Scarce were they got within the dores,
But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
And a great coyl and scolding kept,
Because the house was not clean swept :
(a) Then all in haste away she sends
Victuals unto *Æneas* Friends ;
Pease-porridge, Bacon, Puddings, Sowse,
O'th' very best she had i'th' house ;
Butter, and Curds, and Cheeses plenty,
To fill their Guts that were full empty ;
Bidding them eat, and never save it,
But call for more, and they should have it.

(a) *Nec minus interea sociis ad littora mittit
Viginti tauros, magnorum borrentia centum
Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos.*

(b) This being done, the dainty Queen
 Conducts the *Trojans* further in ;
 Into a Parlor neat she takes 'um :
 And there most fairly welcome makes 'um :
 She serv'd um drink and victuals up,
 As long as they would eat or sup ;
 Whilest each one there so play'd the Glutton,
 That he was forced to unbutton.
 No sooner had the *Trojans* bold
 Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold ;
 But that *Aeneas* strait begun,

(c) All to-bethink him of his Son.

*See *Serv-*
vin upon
Virgil.

* Now you must know that he had had
 A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad.
 The Lads *Crensi* had to name,
 Whom (be it spoken to their shame)
 The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy City*,
 Did thrust to death, without all pity :
 First of that Sex sure in fair justing,
 That ever suffer'd death by thrusting.

(d) His Son, *Ascanius* hight, a Page,
 About some dozen years of Age,
 This Boy, *Aeneas* sent *Achates*
 To fetch ; quoth he, since we feed *gratis*,
 Why should not now my little Bastard,
 (That I dare swear would prove no Dastard)

(b) *At domus interior regali splendida luxu
 Instruitur, mediisque parant convivium tectis.*

(c) *Omnis in Ascanio chari stat cura parentis.*

(d) *Aeneas rapidum ad naves praeiit Achatem,
 Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat.*

Comt

Come to Queen *Dido's* house, and Feast,
 As we have done o'th' very best?
 Go fetch him then, (e) and let him bring's
 Out of my Coffers those gay things
 I sav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineness
 He shall present unto her Highness.
 There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard
 Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave-guard,
 Which *Hellen* wore, the very day
 That *Paris* stole her quite away.

(f) Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought,
 That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,
 For carved Work fit to be seen,
 Betwixt the legs of any Queen.
 And then there is a fair great Ruff,
 Made of a pure and costly Stuff,
 To wear about her Highness neck,
 Like Mrs. *Cockaynes* in the *Peak*;
 And last a Quoit, wrought gorgeously
 With Tinsel, and *Blew Coventry*:
 Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,
 And bring him and these Presents with thee.

(c) *Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis
 Ferre jubet, pallam signis, auroque rigentem,
 Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho,
 Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; quos illa Mycenis,
 Pergam eam peteret, inconcessosque Hymeneos
 Extulerat -----*

(f) *Præterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim
 Maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
 Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.*

(g) Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as fast, as if h' had ridden;
But *Venus*, that same cunning Dame,
Had yet another Trick to play 'um.

(b) She had no very good Opinion
Of your so smooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian*,
Nor knew she but the Queen might be
As full of Craft as Courtesie.

(i) And she was sure that *Juno* would
Do all the mischief that she could;
Therefore she in all haste did run
T a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.

This *Cupid* was a little Tyny,
Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nyny;
No bigger than a good *Points Tag*;
But yet a vile unhappy Wag.
He ne'r would go to School, but play
The Truant every other day:
Run men into the Breech with pins,
Throw Stones at Folks, and break their shins;
Kill Peoples Hens, and Steal their Chicks,
And do a Thousand Roguy Tricks;
But with a Bow the Shit-breecht Elf
Would shoot like *Robin Hood* himself;
And had, I warrant, every dart,
Poyson'd with such a subtle art,

(g) *Hac celerans, iter ad naves tendebat Achates.
At Cytherea novum artes, nova pectore versat
Consilia* -----

(h) *Quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque bilingues*

(i) *Prit atrox Juno* -----

That

That where they hit their power was ſo,
 • It made Folks love, would they or no.
 And for this Trick, the hopeful Youth
 Was call'd *The God of Love* forſooth.

To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
 As I (if you have not forgot it)
 Told you before, and thus begun
 To flatter up her Graceleſs Son ;
 (*k*) My Goldy Locks, (quoth ſhe) my Joy,
 My pretty little tyny Boy :
 Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
 T'implore thy little Deity.

(*l*) Thou know'ſt as well as any other,
 How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,
 Our poor *Æneas*, what a Clatter,
 She made to drown him on the water ;
 Nay ſhe would do more miſchief ſtill,
 If the curſt Quean might have her will.

(*m*) *Æneas* now is at a place,
 Call'd *Carthage*, with a handſom Laſs,
 Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
 Made on as much, as heart can wiſh ;

(*n*) But leaſt the Queen ſhould change her mind
 As Weather-Cocks do with the wind,

(*k*) *Gnate, mea vires, mea magna potentia, ſolus
 Gnate patris ſummi qui tela Typoëa tennis ;
 Ad te confugio, & ſupplex tua numina poſco.*

(*l*) *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum
 Littora jaſſetur, odiis Junonis iniquæ,
 Nota tibi -----*

(*n*) *Quocirca capere ante dolis & cingere flamma
 Reginam meditator, ne quo ſe numine metet ;*

And

And thorough *Juno's* Wiles at last,
 Shew him a Womans slipp'ry cast :
 My pretty Archer, let us two
 Shew the proud Slut what we can do.
 My Son *Aeneas* does dispatch
Achates to the Wharf to fetch
 My little Grandchild, who must come,
 To sup in *Dido's* Dining-Room.
 Now since that thus in short the Case is,
 And that thou canst so well cut Faces :
 (o. p.) I would have thee to set thy *Physi-*
Nomy in such a shape as his :
 And go along as meek and mild,
 As any little sucking Child.
 When thou com'st there, I know the Queen
 Will clip, and kiss thee Cheek, and Chin ;
 Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raifons ;
 Then must thou play thy Petty-Treasons,
 Lick her Lips, flatter her, and Cog,
 And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
 That Fame, and honour she may go by,
 And let *Aeneas* firk her Toby.

(o) ----- *Faciem mutatus & ora Cupido
 Pro dulci Ascanio veniat.*

(p) *Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam
 Falle dolo, & notos pueri puer indue vultus.
 Ut cum te gremio accipiet latissima Dido,
 Regales inter mensas, laticemque Lyxum,
 Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
 Occultum inspires ignem, fallasque veneno.*

(q) This

(q) This is my Plot, and that nought cross it,
I'll make the Child a sleeping Posser.
And when he's fast, I will him hide
I th' top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.

(a) *Cupid* who Mischief lov'd I think,
Better by half than Meat or Drink;
Without all manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.
His wings he from his shoulders throws,
Because they'd not go into's Clothes.
And drest himself to such a wonder,
That none could know the Lads afunder,

(b) But *Venus* gave t'other a Sop,
That made him sleep like any Top;
And whil'st he taking was a Nap,
She laid him neatly in her Lap,
And carried him to a House that stood
Upon an Hill in an old Wood:
And when she had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavender*.

(c) In the mean time Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iulus* Clothes;

(q) *Hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera
Aut super Idalium sacratâ sede recondam,*

(a) *Paret amor dictis charæ genetricis, & alas
Exiit, & gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.*

(b) *At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat, & fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus, & dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.*

(c) *Fâmque ibat dicto parens. --- --*

(d) Who

(d) Who should he see when he came there,
 But *Dido* sitting in a Chair,
 I'th' midst of all her *Trojan* Blades,
 Vap'ring and swearing at her Maids !
 Under her Feet a Cricket stood,
 Whereon she stamp'd as she were wood,
 And likewise there was finely put
 A Cushion underneath her Scut.

There as she sat upon her Crupper,
 (e) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
 And in they brought a thundring Meal,
 Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
 Hens, Geese, and Turkeys, Ducks, and Bustards,
 And at the last, Fools, Flawns, and Custards :
 The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear,
 Tunning themselves with Ale and Beer ;
 There was old drinking, and old singing,
 And all the while, the Bell was ringing :
 One would have thought by the great Feast,
 'T had been a Wedding at the least.

(d) *Cum venit, aulae jam se regina superbis
 Aurea composuit sponda, mediamque locavit.
 Jam pater Aeneas & jam Trojana juventus
 Conveniunt ; stratoque super discumbitur ostro.*
 (e) *Quinquaginta intus famula, quibus ordine longo
 Cura penum struere, & flammis adolere penates.
 Centum aliae, toridemque pares aetate ministri,
 Qui dapibus mensas onerent, & pocula ponant*

Whilest

Whil'ft thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
 (f) *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,
 So cunning was in Counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
 At last *Queen Dido* in her Lap,
 Sets me the Mounte-banking Ape,
 And kist his Lips all of a Lather,
 Then thus bespeaks the new-made Father.
 By th' Mack (quoth she) thou *Trojan* trusty,
 Thou got'st this Boy when thou wert lussy;
 And any one that does but note him,
 May soon know who it was begot him;
 I dare be sworn 'twas thou didst get him,
 He's e'n as like thee as th' hadst spit him,
 (g) Whilst thus the Youth she kist and dandl'd,
Cupid had so the matter handl'd,
 That she began upon a sudden
 To feel a longing for white Pudden.
 (b) When they had sup't, and that the Waiters
 Had Trenchers ta'n away, and Platters;

(f) *Ille ubi complexu Æneæ, colloque pependit,
 Et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
 Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
 Hæret: & interdum gremio fovet inscia Dido,
 Insideat quantus miseræ deus, -----*

----- (g) *at memor ille
 Matris Acidaliæ, paulatim abolere Sichæum
 Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
 Fampridem resides animos -----*

(h) *Postquam prima quies epulis, mensæque remotæ,
 Crateras magnos statuunt, & vina coronant.*

(i) Up

(i) Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* starts,
And takes a Mug, that held two Quarts
Of drink, that she with much forbearing,
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing :
And thus begins, Here Sirs, here's to you,
And from my heart much good may do you :

(k) *Æneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To — and to good Company ;
And he that will not pledge me fairly,
And name the words as I do barely ;
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never tickle a Woman.

(l) With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes ;
No drop besides her Muzzle falling,
Until that she had supt it all in.

* *Alia*
Kelty.

Then turning't * *Topsey* on her Thumb,
Sayes, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

Æneas, as the Story tells,

And all the rest did bless themselves,
To see her troll off such a Pitcher,
And yet to have her face no richer.

By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Kruckles,
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles :

(i) *Hic regina gravem gemmis, auroque poposcit,
Implevitque mero pateram: quam Belus & omnes
A Belo soliti -----*

(k) *Adsis lætitiæ Bacchus dator & bona Juno:
Et vos ô cætum Tyrii celebrate faventes,*

(l) *Dixit, & in mensa laticum libavit honorem:
Primaque libato summo tenuis attigit ore.*

But

But Madam (sayes he) sweetly bowing,
 I hope your Grace does not make * plowing :
 For if you do, at this large rate,
 There will be many an aking Pate ;
 (m) With that he took a lusty Swimmer,

* Ending
 one , and
 Begin-
 ning an-
 other.

Here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer
 In kind return for our Protections,
 Unto Queen *Dido's* best affections

(n) Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
 Roaring and Swaggering pell-mell,

(o) Whil'st a blind Harper did advance,
 That wore Queen *Dido's* Cognizance,
 A Minstrel that *Iopas* hight,

Who play'd and sung to 'um all night ;
 He sung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
 Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches ;

With ancient Songs of high Renown,
 And even one they call *Troy-Town* :

At that *Aeneas* shak'd his Noddle,
 As one would do an empty Bottle ;

(Quoth he) If he that wrote this Ditty,
 Had been with us i'th' midst o'th' City,

When Faggots-Sticks flew in Folks Chops,
 And knockt Men down as thick as hops,

I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,
 He would have had small mind of *Rhiming* :

----- (m) *Ille impiger hausit*
Spumantem pateram, & pleno se proluit auro.

(n) *Post alii procures ;* -----

----- (o) *cithara crinitus Iopas*
Personat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam -----

Quoth

Yet for to give the Devil his due,
Who e'r he was, the Ballad's true.

(p) From *Dido* then a belch did flie,
'Tis thought she meant it for a sigh,
And tears ran down her fair long Nose ;
The Queen was *Maudlin* I suppose.

(q) (Quoth she) *Æneas*, out of Jestings,
Thou needs must tell at my Requesting,
All the whole Tale of *Troy's* condition,
Since first you troubled were with th' *Grecian* ;
Hector's great Fights, and *Priam's* Speeches,
And eke describe *Achilles* Breeches,
How strong he was when he did grapple,
And if *Tidydes* Horse were dapple.
Tell me, I say, of *Paris* Lechery,
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and their Treachery,
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battels,
And how you lost your Goods and Chattels ;
And to what places you have wander'd
E'r since you were so basely squander'd.
All these things would I know most duly,
Then tell me speedily and truly.

(p) *Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem ;*
(q) *Multa super Priamo rogans, super Hectore multa ;*
Nunc quibus Auroræ venisset filius armis ;
Nunc quales Diomedis equi nunc quantus Achilles :
Imò age, & à prima dic hospes origine nobis ;
Insidias, inquit, Danaùm, casusque tuorum,
Errorésque tuos, -----

FINIS.

Scarronnides,
OR,
VIRGILE
TRAVESTIE.

A MOCK-POEM,

In imitation of the

F O U R T H B O O K
O F

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

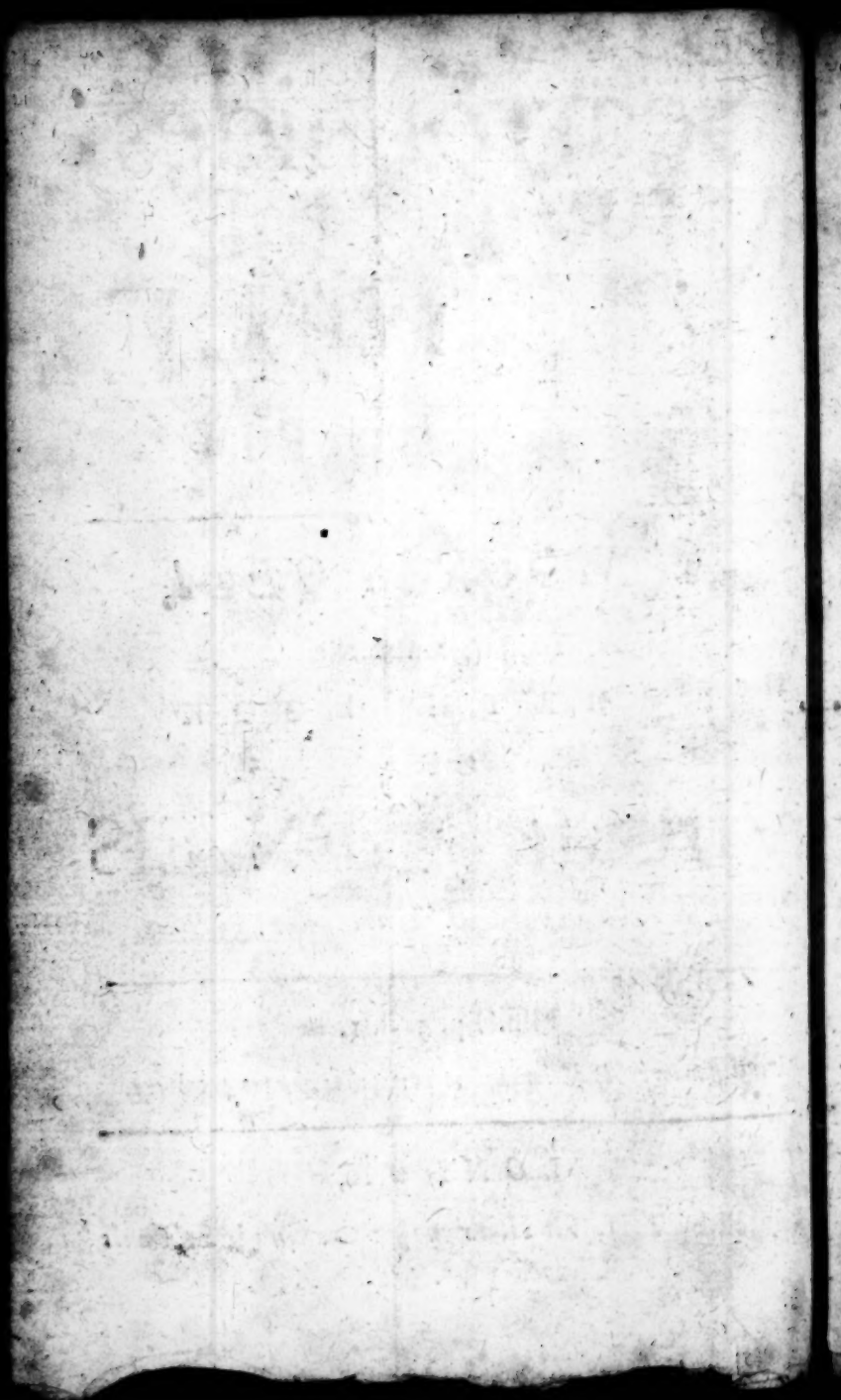
In English Burlesque.

Plin. Ep. 5. l. 1.

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. N. for H. Brome, at the Gun in St. Pauls
Church-yard. 1678.



VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

The Fourth Book.

(a) **I**N this Fourth Book we find it written,
That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten;

Much taken with the *Trojan's* person,
Than which a properer was scarce one:
Much of his breeding did she reckon,
But that which stab'd her was his weapon,
For which she did so scald and burn,
That none but he could serve her turn.

(b) The Sun, that spruce light-headed Fellow
With frizled locks of fanded yellow,

(a) *At Regina gravi jamdudum saucia curâ,
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multûsque recurſat
Gentis bonos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbâque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.*

(b) *Postera Phœbea luſtrabat lampade terras,
Humentemque Aurora poloſtremoverat umbram,
Cum ſic unanimem alloquitur maleſana ſororem.*

The windows crept by radiation,
Like Son begot in fornication,
When *Dido* mad to go to Man,
Just thus bespake her Sister *Nan*.

(c) I've been all night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,
So strangely troubled in my fancy,
I could not rest till morning-peep,
Odd dreams have so disturb'd my sleep:

(d) What a stout Stripling's this *Æneas*,
That thus hath crost the Seas to see us!
I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,
No mortal Woman ever bore him:

(e) But some great Lady in the Skie,
That Nurs'd him up with Furmitie!
I hate a base cowardly Drone,
Worse than a Rigil with one Stone:

But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,
(f) How bravely does he talk of Fighting!
I tell thee *Nancy*, wer't not that
Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
Should I so soon new Suiters have,
(g) My husband yet scarce cold in's grave;

(c) *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent?*

(d) *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?*

Quem sese ore ferens! quem forti pectore & armis!

(e) *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.
Degeneres animos timor arguit.*

----- (f) *Heu! quibus ille*

Factatus fatir! Quæ bella exhausta canebat?

(g) *Ne cui me vinclo possum sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor, &c.*

Si non pertasum ibalami tædæque fuisset,

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpa.

And were I not with my first Honey
Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony.
I could with this same Youngster tall,
Find in my heart to try a fall.

(b) I must confess since that sad season,
Pygmalion cut my husbands weazon;
This only (not to mince the matter)
Has made my Jiggamibob to water.

(i) But may I first, I *Jove* implore,
Sink thorow this my Chamber-floor,
Down quick into the Cellars bottom,
E'r I commit the thing you wot on;
Or any thing by Lusts suggestion,
(k) That my good name may bring in question.

(l) Which said, she wept in manner ampler,
Than Girl new whipt for losing Sampler.
Nan in her answer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her tongue
She was, (as some would say that knew her,
As was in that, or next Town to her.)

(m) O Sister dearer to me far,
Than Sunshine days in harvélt are:

(h) *Anna* (*fatebor enim*) *miseri post fata Sychæi*
Conjugis; & *sparsos fraterna cæde penates*,
Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
Impulit: agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ

(i) *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima debiscat,*
Aut pater omnipotens adigat me-----

(k) *Ante pudor quam te violam aut tua jura resolvam;*

(l) *Sic effata, si num lacrymis implevis abortis,*

(m) *Anna refert-----*

----- O luce magis dilecta sorori,

(n) Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman Wood,
 Still stop the current of thy blood,
 And lose the time by vain pretences
 Of making pretty Boys and Wenches ?
 Wilt thou cut Faces evermore
 For Husband dead, as Nail in dore ?
 Dost thou believe, thou puling thing,
 (o) That dead Folks care for whimpering ?
 (p) Yield, and be naught at last ; Y have plaid
 The Fool too long, here be it said,
 And stood too much in your own light,
 Or long enough ago, you might
 (q) Have match't your self, and that well too,
 To rich and proper men enow.
 What though you have said many nay,
 Yea, and burnt day-light, as we say,
 Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,
 And others of good Yeomanry ;
 That might have past ; because forsooth
 They could not please your dainty Tooth.

(n) *Solane perpetuâ morens carpere iuventa ?*
Nec dulces natos Veneris nec pramia nôris ?
 (o) *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos ?*
 (p) *Esto ; gram nulli quondam flexere mariti :*
 (q) *Non Libyæ, non ante Tyro depectum Iarbas,*
Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit, &c.

(r) Must you still mince it at this rate,
With one you twitter to be at ?
You ne'r consider what a throng
Of saucie Knaves you live among.
Base ill-bred cheating surly Currs,
Rascals as false as Moor-Landers.
Such Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
If you no better look about ye,
And leave this foolish twittle twattle,
To match with one may tent your Cattle ;
Will in short space not leave a Goose,
Turkey, or Hen, about the house :

(s) Your Brother too, he swears and curses
About his Money-Bags and Purfes.

(t) I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
(Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
Have ever been your faithful Friends
For some most secret courteous ends,
Over blew *Neptunes* bouncing Ferries,
Have hither sent these *Trojan* Wherries.

Oh, were these *Trojans* marry'd to us,
How oft, and ably would they do us !

----- (r) *Placitone etiam pugnabis amoris ?*
Non venit in mentem, quorum confederis arvis ?
Hinc Getulæ urbes, genus insuperabile bello,
Et Numida infræni cingunt, & inhostita Syriæ
Hinc -----

Barcæi -----

(s) *Germanique minas -----*

(t) *Diis equidem auspiciis reor, & Junone secundæ*
Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.

(u) What a fine Town would ours be then,
 How bravely stor'd with lusty Men !
 Then without any more ado,
 Sister say Grace, and so fall to :
 They in good manners ten to one,
 Will make an offer to be gone ;
 And rather trust their rotten Barges,
 Than stay to put you to more charges :
 (*) But you may make 'um at command,
 As easily stay as kifs your hand.
 (x) Can you not tell 'um that the weather
 'S too cold, or hot (no matter whether)
 Their Scullers torn and shatter'd so,
 That they must mend 'um e'r they go ;
 And in conclusion with good reason
 Wish 'um t' expect a better season,
 (y) With such like documents as these are,
 Which the young Slut knew best would please
 Nancy so tickled up her Grace, (her,
 That *Dido* scarce knew where she was.
 Nay, some affirm a dangerous matter,
 She'd much ado to hold her water :

(u) *Quam tu urbem soror hanc cernes ! quæ surgere regna
 Conjugio tali ! Teucrum comitantibus armis
 Punica se tantis attollet Gloria rebus !*

(*) *Tu modo -----*

Indulge hospitio causasque innecte morandi,

(x) *Dum pelago defavit hyems, & aquosus Orion
 Quassataque rates, nondum tractabile cælum.*

(y) *His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,
 Spemque dedit dubia -----*

And

And counsel'd in that tempting strain,
 I wonder how she could contain :
 But certain 'tis, that this advice
 So wrought upon this Widow nice,
 That she, who Maid, Widow and Wife,
 Had priz'd her Honour, 'bove her Life ;
 (z) Now car'd no more for her good Name,
 Than any common Trading Dame.
 (a) But to the Church (forsooth) anon,
 That matters might go better on,
 (Like People o'th' Phanatick fry,
 Whose Sanctity's Hypocrisie)
 They must, and slipping on their Pattens,
 They went, as who should say to Mattens.

Thither now come, fair *Dido* squats
 Her Bum on Hassock made of Mats:
 For you must know, as Story says,
 Queens, like the godly in these days,
 In manner insolent and slighty,
 Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
 But *Anna* who was but a Spinster,
 Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are.
 Their eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies
 To this, and t'other god and goddess,
 (b) To *Ceres*, *Phæbus* and *Lyæus*,
 And twenty harder names than * *The'ss*.

* A figure
 so new,
 that Mo-
 dern Au-
 thors have
 yet no
 name for
 it.

----- (z) *Menti solvitque pudorem.*

(a) *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
 Exquirunt.* -----

(b) *Legifera Cæcæri, Phœboque, patrique Lyæo :*

(c) But

(c) But *Juno* had most veneration,
As she was Queen of Copulation.

Prayers being done, up *Dido* rose,
And to the Priest demurely goes ;
She gently pulls him by the garment,
The reverend Type of his preferment,
And with most gracious looks and speeches,
To borrow a word or two beseeches.
The Priest bow'd low in aukward wise,
As 'tis you know Sir *Roger's* guise,
And in obsequious manner told her,
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clark,
In mysteries profound and dark ;
(*) Had skill in Physick, and was able
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,
With all the cunning that she has,
Greases his Fist ; nay more, engages
Thenceforth to mend his Quarters wages,
If he would but resolve the doubt
That she then came to him about.
But 't had been vain, had he been wiser,
Or to instruct, or to advise her,
(d) Alas, poor Priest ! how fruitless is't
To judge by *Phys'nomy* or *Fist*.

(c) *Funoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia cura.*
Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.

----- (*) *Spirantia consulis exta.*

(d) *Heu vaturn ignara mentes, quid vota furentem,*
Quid Delubra juvant ? est mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.

Or what do Prophecies avail,
When Women have a whisk i'th' Tail?
(e) *Dido* for love in woful wife,
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenses,
Even like one out of her senses:
About the Town she runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her heel.

So have I seen in Pastures fair,
Where Cattle educated are:
(f) An Heifer young when she doth itch,
With *Gad-breeze* sticking in her breech,
From shady Brake on sudden rise,
And with her Tail erect to th' skies,
(g) Run through the field with frisks and kicks,
In various capreols and tricks,
Some ease poor thing, alas, to find;
(b) When lo, the Sting sticks fast behind:
One while she takes her (i) lusty Lover,
Meaning her passion to discover;
She leads him out from place to place,
And shews him all that e'r she has;
Discloses all her secret wealth,
And says, if *Jove* send life and health,

(e) *Uritur infelix Dido, totâque vagatur
Urbe furens* -----

----- (f) *Qualis conjecta cerva sagittâ.
Quam procul, &c.*

----- (g) *Illa fuga sylvas saltusque peragrat.*

----- (h) *Hæret lateri letibals arundo.*

(i) *Nunc media Æneam secum per mania ducit:
Sidoniasque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam.*

That

That she (though simply there she stand)
 Will make that Living as good Land,
 If she continue but a while on't,
 As any lies within five mile on't.
 Then she (k) begins to mump and smatter,
 Willing to break into the matter,
 And ask the question, when (alas !)
 To see how things will come to pass !
 When she most fain would break her mind,
 She sooner could by half break wind,
 Than speak a word, Virtue forsooth,
 And modesty so stopt her mouth.
 (l) Over and over then she treats
 Him, and his Mates, with sundry meats,
 Whil'st *Trojans* round besiege her boards,
 Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords.
 When sure as e'r they sit to Table,
 She calls again to hear *Troy's* Fable :
 Nay lov'd it so, that she 'tis said,
 The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
 We owe her for't, and let us pay't her ;
 Who English'd it, was her Translator.
 (n) Now when with raking up the fire
 Each one departs to *Bedfordshire* :

(k) *Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit.*

(l) *Nunc eadem labente die convivia querit :*

(m) *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
 Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.*

(n) *Post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim
 Luna premit ; suadentque cadentia sidera somnos :*

And

And pillows all securely snort on,
 Like Organists of fain'd *Hogs-Norton* ;
 (o) *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lye,
 Dreaming on true-loves *Phys'onomy* :
 And in that humor she the small
 (p) *Ascanius* takes, *Troy's Juvenal* ;
 And in her lap on tuft of Sorrel,
 Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
 Oft would he sighing say, *This Lad*,
Oh that he were but like his Dad !

This life the woful *Dido* led,
 Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed,
 (q) Her Housewifery no more regarding,
 Neither her spinning nor her carding ;
 But like a Dame of wits bereaven,
 Let all things go at six and seven.

Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two
 Were Clove and Orange you must know)
 Perceiv'd, and that, than blind cheeks blinder,
 She threw all care and shame behind her :

(o) *Sola domo mæret vacua, stratisque relictis*
Incubat -----

(p) *Aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta*
Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.

(q) *Non cæptæ assurgunt turres, non arma juventus*
Exercet portusve aut propugnacula bello

Tuta parant ; Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, aquataque machina, cælo.

Quam simul ac tali persensu peste teneri.

Chara Fovis conjux, nec famam obstare furori ;

Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis :

She

She *Venus* in these words accoasts,
 (r) You, and your Son may make your boasts,
 With shame enough, that god and goddeſs,
 Like ſublunary Buſie-bodies,
 To make a Woman light as Feather,
 Do lay your learned heads together.
 (s) 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
 Afraid of your two coming hither.
 You, and your little blinking Urchin
 Againſt this Town have ſtill been lurching.
 (t) But when ſhall we give ore this pother,
 And leave off vexing one another?
 Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,
 (u) Let's marry 'um, and there's an end
 Thou haſt thy wiſh, thy little Archer
 Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.
 Then let us all old quarrels quit,
 Leave being ſuch a peeviſh Tit:
 (x) *Troy* Lads ſhall marry *Tyrian* Laſſes,
 And we will be as merry as paſſes.

(r) Tuque puérque tuus: magnum & memorabile nomen,
 Una dolo divum ſi fœmina viſta duorum eſt.
 (s) Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia noſtra
 Suſpectas babuiſſe domos Carthaginiſ alta.
 (t) Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
 (u) Quin potius pacem æternam, pactiſque Hymenæos
 Exercemus? habes totâ quod mente petiſti.
 Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per oſſa jurorem:
 Communem hunc ergo populum pa:ibuſque rogamus
 Auſpiciis -----
 ----- (x) liceat Phrygio ſervire marito,
 Dotaleſque tue Tyrios permittere dextra.

(y) *Venus*

(y) *Venus* who knew she did but glaver,
For all the fine smooth words she gave her,
And proffer'd love's not worth a Cow-turd,
(You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,
(z) Like cunning Quean in smiles array'd her,
And in her own Coin thus she paid her.

O *Juno* Queen, *Jove's* Bedfellow,
Who here above, or who below,

(a) With thee would quarrel or contend,
And not still rest thy loving Friend?

I like the motion well, but that

(b) There's one main thing I stumble at;
And that in downright truth is this,

(*Jove* pardon if I think amiss,)

I am afraid (this doubt I put ye

Indeed-law now is something smutty)

But I the scruple must not smother;

(Women you know, to one another

May freely speak (here be't said

'Twixt you and me) am fore afraid,

My Son's so big, (which rarely falls)

About his —, and Genitalls,

That I am half afraid lest he

Should chance to spoil her Majesty.

(y) *Olli* (*sensit enim simulatâ mente locutam*)

(z) *Sic contra est ingressa Venus*.....

----- (a) *Quis talia demens*

Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?

(b) *Si modo quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur;*

Sed fati incerta feror; Si Jupiter unam

Esse velit-----

(c) *At*

(c) At that Queen *Juno* smil'd and said,
 Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
 For if they once do come together,
 He'll find that *Dido's* reaching leather:
 If then that *Dido* and thy Son,
 To do as other Folks have done,
 (d) Thou give consent:(mark) and in few words
 Which shall be friendly words and true words,
 I'll tell thee how I've cast about,
 And laid a Plot to bring 'um to't.
 (e) To morrow e'r the Sun(Heaven blefs him)
 Can see to rise, at least to dress him,
Æneas and the Queen have made,
 (The Queen and he I should have said)
 A match to go after her wonting,
 Into the Woods a Squirrel hunting:
 Now I, whil st all on every side,
 The Thickets round are occupi'd,
 And eagerly their Game are following,
 As Hunters use, whooping and hollowing:
 (f) Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour
 Upon their Coxcombs such a shower,

----- (c) *Quam sic excipit Regia Juno,*
Mecum erit iste labor:-----

----- (d) *Nunc qua ratione, quod instat,*
Consiteri possit, paucis (adverte) docebo.

(c) *Venatum Æneas, unaque miserrima Dido*
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.

(f) *Hic ego nigrantem commissa grandine nimbum,*
Dum trepidant alæ, saltusque indagine cingunt,
Desuper infundam -----

And

And will with rain and hail so clout 'um,
They't not have one dry thred about 'um.

(g) Besides such thunder-claps shall burst out,
As some of 'um shall smell the worse for't.

(b) *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to seek for shelter.

Then each one there will shift for one,
And leave the *Queen* and him alone.

(i) *Dido* and *Dildo* in this case,
Shall find a Cave as fit a place

For such an use, so fine and dark,

That if *Æneas* be a spark,

They there in spite of all foul weath'ër,

May take a gentle touch together :

So each of other may have proof,

(k) And marry after time enough.

Venus who very well could fathom

The bottom of this subtle Madam,

Soon smelt her practice, and her art

As strong as she had let a fart :

Yet that she might her malice blind,

And fit the Lady in her kind,

(l) She seems her free consent to give,

And trips it, laughing in her sleeve.

---- (g) *Et tonitru calum omne ciebo.*

(h) *Diffugient comites, Et nocte regentur opacâ.*

(i) *Spetuncam Dido, dux Et Trojanus eandem*
Deveniant: adero, Et tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam, &c.

(k) *stabili, propriâque dicabo :*

Hic Hymenæus erit ----

---- (l) *Non adversata petenti*
Annis, atque dolis risti Cytheræa repertis.

F

(m) Mean

(m) Mean while the Sun as it his course is,
 Got up to dress and water's Horses;
 When out the merry hunters come,
 * A very With them a Fellow with a Drum *,
 necessary Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not budge else,
 Instru- Well arm'd they were (n) with staves & cudgels,
 ment in Tykes too they had of all sorts, (o) Bandoes,
 Squirrel Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land dogs,
 hunting (p) These for the Queen expecting tarry,
 Who longer lay than ordinary;
 For she at night could take no ease,
 She had been bit so sore with Fleas.
 (q) Her Mare well tract of her own spinning,
 Ty'd to the Pales stood likewise whinnying;
 For why (as Poets sing the Fable)
 Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.
 (r) At last she sallies from the house,
 As fine and brisk as Body-louse.
 (s) She Hood and Safe-guard had bran-new,
 The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blew:

(m) *Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit :*
It portis jubare exerto delecta juvenis :

Retia rava, plage -----

----- (n) *Lato venabula ferro,*

----- (o) *Et odora canum vis.*

(p) *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primæ*
Pænorum expectant.

----- (q) *Ostroque insignis & auro*

Sæpi sonipes, ac freno ferox spumantia mandit.

(r) *Tandem progreditur.*

(s) *Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata lymbo,*

Fast to her Girdle, ty'd with thong,
 (t) A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung :
 For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,
 That Servants still have slippery been :
 Which made her careful of her pelf,
 Evermore keep her Keys her self.
 (u) With her *Iulus* came, that Stripling,
 A Youth e'n spoil'd for want of whipping;
 For's Father and his foolish Grannam
 Had ever made a Wanton on him :
 (x) But when his Sire appear'd in play,
 Mounted upon his Galloway,
 'Tis said by some that better knew him,
 The rest look't like Tooth-drawers to him :
 (y) No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,
 That just upon Preferments prick is,
 (z) As was *Æneas*, Stories say,
 When clad in Cloaths of Holy-day.
 His Breeches sav'd from *Troy's* combustion
 Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian ;

(t) *Cui phœtra ex auro -----*
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
 ---- (u) *Et lætus Iulus,*
 ---- (x) *ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*
Infert se socium Æneas -----
 (y) *Qualis ubi hybernæ Lyciam Xanthique fluentæ*
Deserit, ac Delum maternum inuist Apollo,
Instauratque choros : --- --
 ---- (z) *Mollique fluentem*
Fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro :
 ---- *Haud illo segnior ibat*
Æneas, tantum egregio decem enitet ore.

Pinkt with most admirable grace,
 And richly laid with green silk lace.
 (a) Athwart his brawny shoulders came
 A Bauldrick made, and trim'd with th' same;
 Where Twibil hung with Basket-hilt,
 Grown rusty now, but had been gilt:
 Or guilty else of many a thwack,
 With Dudgeon Dagger at his back.
 Upon his head he wore a hat,
 Instead of fatten, fac'd with fat,
 Which being limber grown, we find
 Most swashingly pinn'd up behind;
 With brooch as gawdy and as tall
 As every foremost horse of all.

In best apparel thus aray'd,
 They now begin their Cavalcade
 Towards the Woods, (b) where being e'r long
 Arriv'd (for 'twas not past a Furlong
 From Carthage, as the Learn'd compute it,
 And let who has been there, confute it)
 They every way disperse themselves,
 To watch the little nimble Elves;
 As who should say, Come this, or that way,
 T'other or any way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
 And all the people fall a shouting,
 Such peals they gave of Men and Boys,
 A man could hardly hear for noise;

(a) *Tela sonant humeris* -----

(b) *Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia saxa,
 Ecce fera saxi dejecta vertice* ----

Nay *Dido* Queen, they swore that heard it,
Shouted as loud as any there did.

(c) The frightened Squirrels Stumps belabor
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor ;
Skipping and leaping in their Dances
From Tree to Tree, o'r boughs and branches,
Now on the utmost top, and then,
At one leap at the root again.

(d) But young *Ascanius* hopes o'th'house,
Car'd not for Squirrelling a Louse ;
For he's, whil'st they are at their chase,
Playing at *Hide and Seek*, or *Base*,
Among his Mates, and wishes rather,
(And so the Stripling told his Father,)
For naughty Vermine, that would bite him,
Or Throble neast, though't did —

(e) Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
And to pour down whole pails of water,

(c) *Decurrere jugis ; alia de parte patentes
Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina (cervi)
Pulverulenta fuga, glomerant, montemque relinquunt.*

(d) *At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo ; jamque bos cursu, jam pr terit illos ;
Spumantemque dari (pecora inter inertia) voris
Optat aprum, aut fuvum descendere monte leonem.*

(e) *Interea magno misceri murmure calum
Incipit ; -----*

The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,
 (f) And hail-stones bigger than ones thumb,
 Came pelting down. Then all to save 'um,
 Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'um,
 Whil'ft young *Ascanius* and his Mates,
 Were washt and dasht like Water-Rats.
 Fair *Dido* then for all her whoops
 Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,
 And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen,
 For fear of being wet to th' skin ;
 Nay ev'n *Aeneas* self, forgetting
 His reputation, shrunk i'th' wetting,
 And ran, or would have done at least,
 But that his Horse, a sober Beast,
 Proceeded slow, with motion grave,
 And crav'd the Spur, in care to save
 His Masters neck, as some suppose,
 Though his care was to save his Cloaths,
 He spur'd ; nor yet was *Dido* idle,
 For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,
 (g) Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
 Clapt 'um into a Cave together.

The Cave so darksom was, that I do
 Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido* :

(f) *Insequitur commista grandine nimbus,
 Et Tyrii comites passim, & Trojana juventus,
 Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
 Tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes,
 ----- fulces ignes -----*

(g) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem
 Deveniunt; prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno
 Dant signum -----*

But so it was, in that hole they
 Grew intimate, as one may say :
 The Queen was blithe, as Bird in Tree,
 And bill'd as wantonly, whil'ft he
 (*b*) By hinlock seizing fast occasion,
 Slipt into *Dido's* conversation :
 And in that very place and season,
 'Tis thought *Æneas* did her reason.
 (*i*) This sport of mischief much was cause,
 For sweet meat will have sowre sauce ;
 And they their time in Cave so spending,
 Beginning was of *Dido's* ending.
 Her Majesty now no more nice is ;
 (*k*) Nor seeks she now by fine devices
 To hide her shame, but leads a life,
 As if they had been (*l*) Man and Wife.
 (*m*) At this a Wench call'd *Fame* flew out
 To all the good Towns round about.
 This *Fame* was daughter to a Cryer,
 That whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,

----- (*h*) *Conscius ather*

Conjugii -----

(*i*) *Ille dies primus lethi, primusque matorum*

Causa fuit -----

----- (*k*) *Neque enim specie famæve morietur.*

Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem.

(*l*) *Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam,*

(*m*) *Extemplo Lybix magnas is fama per urbes :*

Fama -----

(n) A little prating Slut, no higher,
 When *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,
 Then this ——— But in a few Years space
 Grown up a lusty strapping Lass.
 A long and lazy Quean I ween,
 She was, brought up to sow, nor spin,
 Nor any kind of housewifery,
 To get an honest living by ;

(o) But sauntred idly up and down,
 From house to house, and Town to Town,
 To spie and listen after News,
 Which she so mischievously brews,
 That still what e'r she sees or hears,
 Sets Folks together by the ears.

(p) This Baggage that still took a pride to
 Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Dido* ;
 Because the Queen once on detection,
 Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.

(q) Glad she had got this tale by th' end,
 Runs me about to Foe and Friend ;

(n) *Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras ;*
Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.
Mobilitate viget, virésque acquirit eundo

----- (o) *Pedibus celerem, & pernicibus alii ;*
Cui tot vigilés oculi

Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.

(p) *Monstrum horrendum, ingens* -----

(q) *Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat,*
Gaudens, -----

(r) And

(r) And tells 'um that a Fellow came
 From *Troy*, or such a kind of Name,
 To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,
 Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince:
 Was with her always, day and night,
 Nor could endure him from her sight,
 And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him
 (s) At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd carrion!

(t) At last she does t' *Iarbas* go,
 (u) She never in such things was slow,
 And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
 For *Dido*'s love was in a hard case,
 And had been long. Oft did he woe her,
 And did the best he could do to her:
 But still in vain he broke his mind,
 'Twas throwing Stones against the wind;
 For though she wise and wealthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to say to him.
 'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,
 Sheep, Goats, and Cows, Horses and Oxen;

(r) *Venisse Æneam Trojano à sanguine cretum;*
Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido.

Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.

(s) *Hæc passim dea fœda virum diffundit in ora.*

(t) *Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarbam:*

(u) *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,*

Hic Ammone satius-----

Centum aras posuit-----

----- Pecudumque cruore

Pingue solum & variis florentia limina certis,

With

With money store, and other riches ;
 But one foul flaw he had in's Breeches
 Spoil'd all ; For she had heard the thing,
 One time as she was Gossiping :
 As in such matters, while you live,
 Women will be inquisitive :
 Which was, that he (as Story tells)
 A Rupture had in's Testicles.
 Which was enough to make her hate him,
 Nay even as 'twere abominate him.
 When Fame had told him of the Trojan,
 (y) Larbas took it in such dudgeon,
 Such high abuse, and evil part,
 He almost could have found in's heart
 T'ave tane his Knife, and in that passion
 Whipt off his Tools of generation,
 And thought t'ave don't : but did not yet,
 Like one that had in's anger wit :
 But since to curse it was no boot,
 Would try if praying would not do't.
 (z) And therefore thus in heavy chear,
 Made his case known to Jupiter.
 (a) O Jupiter most great and able,
 Whose health I every day at Table
 Drink once or twice ! Dost thou (O where is
 Thy sight !) not see, what doings here is !

(y) *Isque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro,*

(z) *Dicitur ante aras -----*

Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis :

(a) *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pitiis*

Gens epulata toris Lenaum libat honorem,

Aspicis hæc ? an te genitor cum fulmina torques,
Nequiquam borremus ?

(b) Shall

(*b*) Shall we when thou thunderst, dost think,
So as to sowre all our drink ;

And when the Clouds in Storms do burst,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst !

(*c*) A wandring Woman that had scarce
A Rag to hang upon her —

When she came hither first ; and wou'd
Have then been glad to — for food.

Is now forsooth, so proud (what else !)
And stands so on her pantables,

(*d*) That she has said me nay most slightly,
And (on the very nonce to spite me)

Has marry'd a spruce Youth they say,
(Whom some ill wind blew that away)

One Squire *Æneas* ; a great Kelf,
Some wandring hangman like her self :

(*e*) And now this Swabber, by the maskins,
Thunders up *Dido's* Gally-Gaskins,

Whilest I (for still thou deafish art to't)
May pray, and pray, and pray my heart out.

----- (*b*) *Cœcique in nubibus ignes*
Terrificant animos -----

----- *Et inania murmura miscent :*

(*c*) *Fœmina, quæ nostris errant in finibus* -----

----- (*d*) *Connubia nostra*

Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.

(*e*) *Et nunc ille Paris* -----

----- *Rapto potitur ; nos munera templis*

Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.

(*f*) Thus

(f) Thus wofully *Iarbas* pray'd,
 Whil'st *Jove* heard every word he said ;
 And turning strait his eyes to *Tyre*,
 To look for *Dido*, and her Squire,
 All in a Chamber finely matted,
 He very fairly spy'd 'um at it.
 At which, as 'twere, somewhat in fury,
 He calls his nimble Youth *Mercury*,
 (g) And thus bespake him ; Sirrah, hear ye,
 Put on the wings that use to bear ye,
 And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,
 Where th' *Trojan* does with the great — lye.
 (b) Tell him from me, that his smug Mother
 Did pass her word that he another
 Manner of life and conversation
 Should lead, and leave this occupation.
 (i) Or twice the *Grecian* Cavaleers
 Had beaten's brains about his ears,

(f) *Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem*
Audiit omnipotens ; oculosque ad mœnia torset
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.
 (g) *Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat,*
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere pennis,
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Carthaginæ qui nunc
Exspectat -----
Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
 (h) *Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem*
Promisit -----
 ----- (i) *Gratumque ideo bis vindicat armis,*

E'r this : and tell him more (*) that he,
 Who means to conquer *Italy*,
 Must with his work go thorow Stitches,
 And not run hunting after Bitches :
 (k) But if he will not venture's Pate,
 A rap or two for an Estate,
 As by his pranks it doth appear,
 (l) Methinks though he might do't for's heir :
 (m) Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
 To spend his time thus among Queans ;
 Not minding mischiefs, not mishaps,
 Nor fearing *Dido's* after-claps.
 (n) Bid him be trudging he were best ;
 If I come to him, I protest,
 I'll send him packing else such new-ways,
 He shall remember me these two days.
 (o) This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
 Away he trips it in a trice,

(*) *Sed fore qui gravidam imperiū belloque frementem
 Italiam regeret, genus alto à sanguine Teucrī
 Proderet, & totum sub leges mitteret orbem :*
 (k) *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse suā molitur laude laborem.*
 (l) *Ascanione pater Romanas invidit arces,
 Nec prolem Ausoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva ?*
 (m) *Quid struit ? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur ?*
 (n) *Naviget : hæc summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto,*
 (o) *Dixerat. Ille patrii magni parere parabat
 Imperio -----*

To

(p) To make him ready to be gone:

And first his Pumps he fastned on;

Which being neatly pinckt and cut,

And finely fitted to his foot:

Had wings ty'd on with thongs of leather,

Or raching ends, I know not whether,

Which he could flie withall as well,

As he'd been brought up to't from th' shell.

(q) Then in his hand he takes a thick Bat,

With which he us'd to play at Kit-cat;

To beat mens apples from their Trees,

With twenty other Rogueries;

Besides (as Rake-hells will abuse days)

To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesdays*.

(r) Thus dight, he like a Partridge springs,

Cutting the air with nimble wings:

'Twas well his care had ty'd 'um fast,

Else ten to one he'd flown his last:

No Swallow could have overgone him,

He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,

Until he saw a very high hill,

A higher hill by far than my hill;

----- (p) *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit*

Aurea: quæ sublimem alis sive aquora supra,

Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.

(q) *Tum virgam capit; hæc animam ille evocat Orco.*

Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,

Dat somnos adimitque & lumina morte resignat.

(r) *Illa fretum agit ventos, & turbida tranat*

Nubila -----

(s) *Alas*

- (s) *Atlas* 'twas call'd ; so high a one
That *Pen-men-maure*'s a Cherry-stone
Compar'd : You could not thrust a Knife
'Twixt Heaven and it, to save your life ;
(t) It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,
Or else 'tis thought we should have Larks ;
(u) Here first did *Mercury* alight,
To bait, and rest him after's flight ;
Where having prun'd his heels a little,
And smooth'd his Plumes with,* fasting spittle, *'Tis con-
(x) From thence he took another freak, ceived he
As if he meant to break his neck. did that
(y) Even as a *Hawk* her self doth carry before he
From Kill-ducks place to stoop her Quarry : bated.
So *Mercury* to mortal view,
Himself from *Atlas* headlong threw.
Stones cast by fam'd *Parisian* slinger,
Compar'd to him, would seem to linger ;
And arrows loos'd from *Grub-street* Bow
In *Finsbury*, to him are slow :

----- (s) *Famque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit*
Atlantis duri, -----

----- (t) *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*

(u) *Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis*
Constitit :

(x) ----- *Huic toto praeceps se corpore ad undas*
Misit ; -----

(y) *Vi similis qua circum littora circum*
Pisces scopulos humilis volat aquora juxta :
Haud aliter terras inter, cælumque volabas
Littus arenosum Lybix, ventosque secabat.

Nay Lightning darted from above,
 With flaming tail from angry *Jove*,
 Would in comparison appear,
 To creep like lazie Loyterer.

(z) The first place after this vagary,
 He lighted on, was *Dido's Dairy*;
 Whence he *Aeneas* soon did spie,
 Ord'ring her Highness husbandry:
 He took upon him as her Spouse,
 And vapor'd like the man o'th' house;
 For all that time, as't came to pass,
 In quarrel high engag'd he was,
 And ready in his fumigation
 (As Histories do make relation)
 To fall to Logger heads, as't appears,
 With a few sawcy Carpenters,
 Who building were a house of Ease,
 For *Dido* in necessities:
 They would not follow his advice,
 (As Workmen still are over-wise)
 Which made him foam, and flirt out spittle,
 Because they made the holes too little,
 (a) Down hanging by his side he had
 A dangerous bright-brown flashing Blade,
 'T had been new furbusht up at *Tyre*,
 A better never pass'd the Fire.

(z) *In primum alatis tetigit Magnalia plantis*
Aeneam fundantem arces, ac testa novantem
Conspicit -----

(a) *Illi stellatus jaspide salva*
Ensis erat -----

(b) A

(b) Upon his back he had a Jerkin
 Lin'd through, and through, with sable Merkin.
 Given as a Present by the Queen :
 It had indeed her Husbands been ;
 But neither by the nap, nor tearing,
 Was it a pin the worse for wearing.
 This (as of either Queen or King,
 Vile People will be censuring)
 Was given *Æneas* for a Charm ;
 And though the Queen might think no harm,
 Yet some have giv'n a parlous hint,
 Of a strange hidden virtue in't.
 Equip't thus fine, *Mercury* found him,

(c) And roundly in his ear thus round him.

Thou here thy self most busie makes,
 In building for the Queen a Jakes,
 But never think'st, such is thy wiseness,
 What shall become of thine own business ;
 The Thunder-thumper, who by threaves,
 Makes men to quake like *Aspen-leaves* ;
 (d) He whom the rest o'th' Gods do honor,
 Has sent me from *Olympus* Mannor.

--- (b) *Tyrioque ardebat murice Læna*
Demissa ex humeris : Dives quæ munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas discreverat auro.

(c) *Continuo invadit : tu nunc Carthaginiis alta*
Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxoribus urbem
Extruis, (heu) regni rerumque oblite tuarum.
Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cælum & terras qui numine torquet.

(d) *Ipse hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras,*
Quid sis? aut quæ spe Lybicus teris otia terris?

G

To

To ask thee what thou dost intend,
Thy time thus wickedly to spend ;
And loyter here like a hum-drum,
Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.

(e) He says, though fearful, as a Stranger,
Thy Coxcomb thoult not bring in danger,
To mend thy state, nor get thy living
By any honest way of thriving : (care

(f) He thinks though thou might'st take some
Of him that is thy son and heir,
And not thrash here like Bore unworthy,
When he has made provision for thee.

(g) Mercury vanisht, having spoke as
Y've heard : like any *Hocus-Pocus*,
And homeward did forthwith aspire,
Nor ever stay'd to drink at Tyre.

(h) But *Don Æneas* at the Vision
Was in a very sad condition ;
He could not speak to Foe or Friend,
And eke his hair did stand on end

(e) *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum
Nec super ipse tuâ --- &c. ---*

(f) *Ascanium surgentem, & spes heredis Iulii
Respice : cui regnum Italia, Romanaque tellus
Debentur ---*

--- (g) *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,
Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evinuit auram.*

(h) *At vero Æneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
Arrectæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæsit.*

So stiff, it thrust his hat so far
 Above his head into the air,
 That a great Turkey might have flown
 Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
 Half-frighted out on's little wit,
 (i) He now had Eggs (i'faith) o'th' Spit,
 'Till he was gone : (k But how (alas !)
 To break the matter to her Grace,
 He knew no more, the bashful Groom,
 Than did the furthest man of *Rome*,
 (l) Nor could he frame him to begin,
 T' appease that loving soul the Queen :
 For nought more vexes Womens blouds,
 Than to be left so in the suds.
 In this quandary, scratching's Pate,
 After a pensive long debate
 He calls, at last, his Fellow Rake-hells,
 (n) And bids um get their tools and rackles,
 Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful
 To lay in all things that were needful,

(i) *Ardes abire fuga ---*

(k) *Heu! quid agat? ---*

--- (l) *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem
 Audeat assatu? quæ prima exordia sumat;
 Atque animum nunc hic celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
 In partésque rapit varias ---*

(m) *Classem apient taciti, socios ad litora cogant,
 Arma parent, ---*

Especially meat: (o) but stow it
 So secretly, that none might know it ;
 That on occasion in a trice Sir,
 They might be gone, and none the wiser ;
 And since he humbly did conceive,
 To steal away and take no leave,
 Would be uncivil, and enough
 To tear a heart though made of Buff:
 He was resolv'd to take the Queen,
 (p) When set upon some merry pin,
 And tell her plain with Vows most fervent,
 He was her Graces humble Servant.

(q) But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen (for who
 Can think to cheat a Woman so ?)
 Was soon, I warrant you, aware
 O'th' slippery trick he meant to play her.
 'Tis true she ever had been jealous
 Of all such vagrant kind of Fellows,
 And kept her things safe under Lock,
 E'r since the stealing of her Smock :
 But now to add unto her fear,
 She had it buz'd into her ear

(r) By that mischievous prating Whore,
Fame, that I told you of before ;

--- (o) *Et quæ sit rebus causa novandis,*
Diffimulent: quando interea optima Dido
Nesciat: ---

--- (p) *Et quæ mollissima fandi*
Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus ---

(q) *At Regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem ?)*

(r) *Præsentit, motusque excepit prima futuros,*
Omnia tua timens ---

(s) Not

(s) Not, as they say, out of good will,
But to be brewing mischief still,
That he for all his fair pretences
(t) Had greas'd his boats, and wash'd his benches
And now was ready set on Wheels,
To shew a nimble pair of heels.

(u) This sudden news, I do assure ye,
Put *Dido* in a desp'rate fury,
And made her frisk about and gad,
That all her people thought her mad;
Whil' st she from house to house did flie,
As she had run with *Hue* and *Crie*,

(x) Even as a Philly never ridden,
When by the Jocky first bestridden,
If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle
Under her Dock, to try her mettle,
Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,
Enough to break her Riders neck;
Even so Queen *Dido* at that tide,
Laying all majesty aside,
Play'd such mad freaks, that well were they
Could farthest get out of her way.
Thus flinging round from place to place,
At last, to make it short, her Grace

--(s) *Eadem impia fama furenti*
Detulit ---

---(t) *Armari classem, cursumque parari.*

(u) *Savit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem*
Bacchatur ---

---(x) *Qualis commotis excita sacris*
Thyas, ubi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cybaron,

Finds me amongst a Crew of Mad-Caps,
Aneas, at one Mother *Red-Caps*.

Well overta'n (quoth she) half weeping,

(y) *Aneas*, thou'rt a precious Pepin,

To think to steal so sily from me,

When thou hast had thy foul will o' me, (thee,

(z) Could not my love (thou Knave) have staid

Nor yet the promise thou hast made me :

Nor that thou know'st if thou wert gone,

My work would all be left undone ;

But that thou'lt sink away, thou Varlet,

And leave me like forsaken Harlot?

(a) In Winter too, o'r blust'ring Seas,

When it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze ? .

(b) What though thou hadst, as thou hast none,

A house to go to, of thine own,

Couldst find yet in thy heart to 'reave me

Of thy dear company. and leave me ?

(c) By this salt Rhume thou seest that wets

My cheeks, and by thy hand that sweats,

(y) *Tandem bis Æneam compellat vocibus ultrò ;*

(z) *Dissimulare etiam sperasti perfide, tantum*

Posse nefas ? tacitisque meâ decedere terrâ,

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam

--- Tenet ?

(a) *Quinetiam hyberno moliris sydere classem,*

Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum ;

Crudeis, ---

--- (b) *Quid si non arva aliena, domosque*

Ignotas peteres ? ---

Mene fugis ? ---

--- (c) *Per ego has lachrymas, dextrâque tuum te,*

Per Connubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos

That

That bawdy Fiſt, that has been laid
So oft where now ſhall not be ſaid;
I'm brief, by the whole matters carriage,
And by the earneſt of our marriage:
And by thoſe ſweet delights we ſtole,
When the rain drove thee into th' hole;
(d) If that Bout pleas'd thee; or ſince any
Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,
I do beſeech thee *Trojan* fine,
Not to undo both me, and mine.
(e) For thy ſweet ſake the knaviſh *Lydians*,
The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,
In miſt of which is my abode,
Hatè me, as one would hate a Toad.
For thee I fiſt forewent all ſhame,
(f) And that I liv'd by my good name;
And wilt thou having ſpent thy ardor,
And eat me out of houſe and harbor,
(g) So baſely to my Foes betray me,
And neither ſtay with me, nor pay me?

(d) *Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum, miſerere domos labentis ---
Oro ſi quis adhuc precibus locus ---*
(e) *Te propter Lybicæ gentes, Numadumque Tyranni
Odere inſenſi Tyri; te propter eundem
Exſtinctus pudor ---*
--- (f) *Et quâ ſolâ ſidera adibam,
Fama prior ---*
--- (g) *Cui me moribundam deſeris hoſpes.*

(b) No sooner shall thy back be turn'd,
 But all my Building will be burn'd,
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
 Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me.
 If (as we oft have ventur'd it,)
 I had but a big Belly yet,
 A little *Trojan* coming on,
 To play withball when thou art gone,
 Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,
 I should have something yet to trust to.

Æneas ta'en thus basely tardy,

(i) Turn'd pale, and like a stick't Pig star'd ye;
 He could not stand upright but lean,
 One might have fell'd him with a Bean;
 Nay he was struck so at her Speeches,
 Some say he did defile his Breeches,
 His Bowels did so yearn upon her;
 But being that may wound his honor,
 I'll not affirm it, but proceed,
 To tell you what he said and did;
 Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* words (swords:
 Which stab'd him through and through like
 Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,
 To throw about her snot and throb so:

(h) *Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia frater
 Destruat? aut captam ducat Gerulus Iarbas?
 Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 Ante fugam soboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet Æneas --*

Non equidem omnino capta, aut deserta viderer.

--- (i) *Ille immota tenebat*

Lumina, & obnixus curam sub corde premebat.

But

But *Merc'ries* Message more prevailing
Than her colloquing or her railing,
After a many fine good-morrows,

(k) He thus began to salve her sorrows.

Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,
That thou'rt the flower of *Curtessie*;
Or any slanders vile contrive,
I were the basest Knave alive.

I must confess that thou, O Queen,
To me and to us all hast been
More like a Mother than a Friend,
So much I'll say, and there's an end;

(l) And if I ever do forget ye,
Or fail to drink a health to *Betty*,
Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
Than top of *Carthage* Steeple Spire:

(m) Few words are best; if you'll be civil,
I'll tell the truth, and shame the Devil.

(n) I ne'r had thought, much less desire
Basely to build a Sconce at *Tyre*,

(k) *Tandem paucarefert, Ego te, qua plurima fande
Enumerare vales, nunquam Regina negabo
Promeritam---*

---(l) *Nec me meminisse pigebit Elisæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.*

(m) *Pro re pauca loquor:*

---(n) *Nec ego hanc abscondere furto
Speravi (ne finge) fugam---*

And

And steal away from thee my hony.
 (o) But for the thing call'd Matrimony,
 Although I did the thing you wor,
 Jove be my Judge I meant it not.
 Indeed I took it for a kindness,
 To be familiar with your Highness,
 But if I ever thought of other,
 Than one good turn requires another ;
 Or on such terms e'r gave my fist,
 I'm th' arrant'st Rogue that ever pist.
 (p) I must confess that if it lay
 In my own power, as one may say,
 That I had some good bargain made,
 And bound my Son here to a Trade,
 Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore
 Had no one but my self to care for ;
 I would as willing match with you,
 As any Woman that I know :

(q) But as things stand, I needs must follow
 The counsel of my Friend *Apollo*,
 Who sends me word I must convey me
 To *Lycia* with all speed that may be,
 Where by a dainty Rivers side,
 A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd

-- (o) *nec conjugis unquam*

Pratendi tædæ, aut hæc in fœdera veni.

(p) *Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*
Auspicis, & sponte meâ componere curas.

(q) *Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,*
Italiam Lycia jussere capeffere sortes,
Hic amor, hæc patria est --

Will hold both me, and all my meany,
 And cheap as forty Eggs a peny,
 There then in downright truth do I
 Intend to live, and occupy,
 (r) And if ſo be that you, who are ſage,
 Delight ſo in your Town of *Carthage* :
 Why ſhould it be in us ſo great ſin,
 Who have no houſe to thruſt our heads in
 To travel to a Foreign Nation,
 For ſome convenient habitation ?
 (s) I can no ſooner go anights
 To Bed (*Jove* bleſs us all from Sprights)
 But that e'r I can frame to ſnore,
 My Fathers Ghoſt comes through the dore,
 Though ſhut as ſure as hands can make it,
 And leads me ſuch a fearful racket ;
 I ſlew all night in my own greaſe,
 So that your Maids may, if they pleaſe,
 Wring from the Shirt wherein I wallow,
 Each morning tyde, as much good tallow
 As well would liquor all their Sandals,
 And make beſide fix pound of Candles.

--- (r) ſi te Carthaginis arces
Phaniſſem, Lybicæque aſpectus detinet urbis,
Que tandem uſoniâ Teucros conſcidere terrâ
Invidia eſt? & nos, fas extera quarere Regna.
 (s) *Me Patris Anchifa, quoties, humentibus umbris*
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra ignea ſurgunt,
Admonet in ſomnis, & turbida terret Imago ;
Me puer Aſcanius --

And

And all this is to have me gone,
 And not stay here t' undo my Son ;
 (t) Besides, not past an hour ago,
 Jove sent his Lacquay to me too ;
 I saw him flie, I'll (u) take my Oath,
 And man has but his faith and troth)
 As plainly o're your Dairy top,
 As e'r I saw him on the Rope :
 And heard him speak as plain but e'n now,
 As I hear you, or you hear me now.
 (x) Then let me be so much beholding
 Unto your Grace to leave your scolding ;
 For I this Voyage undertake,
 Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.
 (y) This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,
 Rowling about her goggle-eyes,
 As she would throw 'um in his face,
 Unto her fury thus gave place.
 Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false heart
 Shews what a cheating Knave thou art :

(t) *Nunc etiam interpres divum Jove missus ab ipso*
— Celeres mandata per auras
Detulit ---

(u) *Testor utrumque caput ---*
--- Ipse Deum manifesto in lumine vidi
Intranssem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.

(x) *Desina meque tuis incendere teque querelis ;*
Italiam non sponte sequor.

(y) *Talia dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur,*
Huc illuc, volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur.

The ſymptoms of a Rogue thou haſt all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascal !

(z) No Man or Woman of good faſhion,
E'r coupl'd for thy procreation ;

But Whelpt thou wert of Tinkers Bitch,
Under ſome Hedge, or in ſome Ditch :

Nay, I'll not balk you Sir ; nor care,
For all you look ſo big and ſtare :

Let thy foul hyde with malice burſt,
I do deſie thee, do thy worſt.

(a) Inſtead of ſighing in this caſe,
Full ſowre thou belcheſt in my face
And thou ſo ſtubborn art and canker'd,
Thou ſhed'ſt no tears, but tears o'th' Tankerd,
Hadſt thou but counterfeited paſſion,

To ſignifie commiſeration,
Or offer'd but a ſowre face, it
Had been a ſign of ſome ſmall grace yet ;

But like a Logger-headed Lubber,
Thou grinning ſtand'ſt, and ſeeſt me blubber ;

(b) And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I ſee,
Will neither of 'um both chaſtiſe thee.

(z) *Nec te diva parens generis nec Dardanus author*
Perſide : ſed duris genuit te cautibus borrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanaque admorunt ubera Tigres,
Nam quid diſſimulo ? ---

(a) *Num ſletu ingemuit noſtro ? num lumina flexit ?*
Num lacrymas victus dedit ? aut miſeratus amantem eſt ?

-- (b) *Famjam nec maxima Juno,*
Nec Saturnius hac oculis pater aſpicit æquis.

(c) There's

(c) There's no truth in this age we live in:

A wand'ring Beggar hither driven;
Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
No cros to blefs himself withal;
I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
Feasted, and clad him like a Lord,

(d) And (like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)

This Youth hail-fellow with me made:

And now forsooth he cannot stay,

Apollo bids him run away.

(e) Nay though I have in friendly wise

Cur'd his mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice,

Yet having now fall'n to his lot,

A good rich Farm lies piping hot:

Should he stay here, it would undo him,

And *Jove* has sent his Footman to him;

As if the Deities were so

Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,

But send their Lacquayes and their Pages,

To him on How-de's and Messages.

But I'll waste on thee no more breath,
For whom the Wind that fumes beneath,

(c) *Nusquam tuta fides! ejectum littore egentem
Excepi, --*

-- (d) *Et regni demens in parte locavi:*

-- *Nunc augur Apollo.*

(e) *Amissam classem, socios & monte reduxi,*

(f) *Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc & Jove missus ab ipso*

Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras;

Scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos

Sollicitat --

Is far too ſweet : Avant thou Slave !

Thou lying Coney-catching Knave,

Be moving, do as thou haſt told me !

(g) No body here intends to hold thee !

(h) Go ! ſeek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be

I'th' very bottom of the Sea :

But ſhould'ſt thou ſcape, and not in Dike lie,

Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,

Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,

Who's born to hang, will ne'r be drown'd :

Yet ſhould'ſt thou not be much the nigher,

(i) I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,

As ſoon as I can turn t' a Gholt,

Which will be in a Week at moſt :

Then in the midnight ſleep I'll wake thee,

And ride thee worſe than any Hackney.

I'll terrifie thee day and night ;

Nay if thou doſt but go to —

There will I ſtand with flaming Taper,

To fizzle thy Tail in ſtead of Paper.

(k) I'll make thee rue the time that e're

Thou cam'ſt to play thy Knaves tricks here.

(g) *I ſequere Italiam ventis ---*

--- Neque te tenco ---

--- (h) Pete regna per undas.

Spero equidem mediis ---

Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis ---

--- (i) Sequar atris ignibus abſens :

Et cum frigida mors anima ſeduxeris artus,

Omnibus umbra locis adero. ---

--- (k) Dabis improbe panas.

(l) In

(1) In middle of this wrathful speech
Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech :
Her mouth was stopt, and on the ground
She silent lay in doleful swoond :
Shut were her eyes ; nor had she hearing,
For what *Æneas* was (*m*) preparing,
Upon this pitiful occasion,
To say in's own justification.

In haste the *Trojans* all advance
To 'wake her Grace out of her Trance ;
They try'd to raise her in such sort,
As when men cry, *Le Corps est mort* :
But here the Charm would not prevail,
They could not raise her from her tail :
For though full light when her own Woman,
Yet in this heavy dump was no Man
Could raise her up, though ne'r so mighty,
Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty.

(*n*) At last a Crew of strapping Jades,
That were, or should have been her Maids,
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
And having in her own Bed laid her,
With Ruggs they bolster'd her about,
To try if she could sweat it out.

(1) *Hic medium dictis sermonem abrumpit & auras
Ægra fugit ---*

(m) *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem
Dicere ---*

--- (n) *Suscipiunt famula, collapsaque membra
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.*

(o) *Æneas*

(o) *Aeneas* though 'twas his desire,
 Something t'have said might pacifie her,
 And though his heart did bleed within him,
 To think of what had past between 'um,
 (p) Yet because *Jove* so loud did threaten,
 He sooner durst his nails have eaten,
 Having so terribly been chidden,
 Then not t'have done as he was bidden,
 Therefore in haste his Hostess beck'ning,
 To come and bring 'um in a reck'ning;
 Strait to the Wharf repairs the hot shot,
 (q) Without once calling for his shot-pot.

The *Trojans* now by his Commission,
 Lanch all their Boats with expedition;
 You now upon the Ocean might see, (ly:
 (r) The new greas'd wherries swim most tight-
 They had new made 'um fine long Poles,
 New pitcht their Oars, and made new Thoules;
 Though many things were left undone,
 (s) They were so eager to be gone.

(o) *At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenire dolentem*
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas.
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore:
 (p) *Fussa tamen divum exequitur ---*
 --- (q) *Classémque revisit.*
Tum vero Teucri incumbunt & littore celsas
Deducunt toto naves: ---
 --- (r) *Natat unita carina:*
Frondentésque ferunt remos, & robora silvis
Infabricata ---
 --- (s) *Fugo studio.*

H

(t) Then

(t) Then might you see 'um make their Sallies
 From Carthage Town, through lanes and alleys,
 Stealing away with lewd intentions,
 To cheat the Tyrians of their Pensions,
 Fearing their Landladies would brabble,
 And dun 'um for their Quarters Table.

(u) As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
 To fetch a hoard of Winter-food,
 Return well laden with their Vict'les,
 Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their prickles:
 Even so the Trojans without doubt,
 Were at this season hung about

With Fardles, Bundles, Bags and Wallets,
 To cloath their backs, and feed their palats.

(x) But what thought Dido in this case,
 When thus she saw them sink their wayes.
 From Garret-Window saw 'um row,
 And heard 'um crying Eastward Hoe!

(y) To see how Love makes Folks do things,
 Against the hair, against the shins!

(t) *Migrantes cernas, totâque ex urbe ruentes.*

(u) *He veluti ingentem formica farri acervum
 Cum populant, hyemis memores, teltoque reponunt.*

--- *It campis agmen, prædâque per herbas
 Conveſtant calle anguſto, pars grandia tridunt
 Obnixa frumenta humeris, pars ---*

(x) *Quis tibi tunc Dido cernenti talia ſenſus?*

--- *Cum littora fervere late*

Proſpiceres arce ex ſumma, totumque videres

Milceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor.

(y) *Improbe AMOR, quid non mortalia pectora cogit?*

For she, though full of indignation,
 To be forsaken in this fashion ;
 And had she known but how to get him,
 Could doubtless without salt have eat him ;
 Yet ne'rtheless, Love over-ruling,
 (z) She fell again to her old puling ;
 And once more meant to try if pity
 Would not recall him to the City.
 (a) Look thee (quoth she) where he (my Nancy)
 Whose able parts I do much fanfie,
 Has trust up all his Tools together,
 To carry 'um the Lord knows whither.
 (b) Hark how his Rabble Gang do shout,
 And shove a Stern to hasten out ;
 A Rout of base unthankful Peasants !
 The Devil cut their yelping Weazens :
 The bawling Rascals egg him on,
 And make him madder to be gone.
 Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil
 Could ever have been so uncivil,
 Thus like a Jade to break his Teather ;
 I should have kept my Legs together :
 Or have made bold t' have ty'd him faster,
 To the due limits of his Pasture :

(z) *Ite iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
 Cogitur. ---*

Nequid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat.

(a) *Anna, vides toto properari littore circum :*

--- (b) *Vocat jam carbasus auras,
 Puppibus & latbi nauta imposuere coronas.*

H 2

(c) But

(c) But since he holds me at this distance,
I beg thy sisterly assistance :

Thou know'st the temper of the Block-head,
And to a hair canst fit his Pocket :

Therefore (dear Nancy) I implore thee,
If e'r thou'lt do any thing for me,

(d) Run to the Wharf with might and main,
And try to bring him back again :

I promise thee, and if I break
My word, pray *Jove* I break my neck.

(e) If thou canst bring him to my Bow,
I'll give thee for thy pains a Cow.

(f) Tell him I e'r had more discretion,
Than to join issues with the Grecian :

I neither did meddle nor make,
But *as they brew'd, so let them bake* :

Nor did I e'r make Skittle Pin-bones,
Or Bobbins of *Anchises* Shin-bones :

Why should he then without all sense,
Thus use me like a Kitchin-wench ?

--- (c) *Soror misera hoc tamen unum
Exequere Anna mihi ; solam nam perfidus ille
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus.
Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.*

(d) *I soror atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*

(e) *Extremam hanc oro veniam (miserere sorori)
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumularam morte relinquam.*

(f) *Non ego cum Danais Trojanam exscindere gentem
Aulide juravi, classémve ad Pergama misi :
Nec patrâ Anchisæ cineres manâsve revelli.
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures ?*

(g) I would

(g) I would but beg one kindness from him :

(h) I will no more claim promise on him :

But only that he'll tarry here,

Half, or a quarter of a Year ;

Whereby I may, before he go,

(i) Wean my self from a Bed-fellow ;

Or (if my constitution can

Not well subsist without a Man)

Until I can my self supply,

With one to do my drudgery,

I'll ask no further obligation,

(k) But let him to his Navigation ;

He may to *Latium* then address,

And swim or sink, all's one to *Bess*.

(l) Scarce had the woful *Dido* done,

When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone,

She tucks her Coats about her haunches,

And to the Water-side advances ;

She tript so neatly to the Pyre,

It would have done one good to see her ;

One would have thought she'd gone in haste,

Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.

At last she came unto the place

Where *Dido's* dear *Æneas* was ;

-- (g) *Extremum hoc misera det munus amanti.*

(h) *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,*

Tempus inane peto, requiem, spaciūque --

(i) *Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolore.*

(k) *Nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat.*

(l) *Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus*

Fertque refertque soror --

She found him set amongst his Mates,
 The rest o'th' *Trojan* Runnagates,
 Puff't like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,
 Roaring and drinking tory rory ;
 Like one that knew a pot i'th' pate,
 Would be a mile or two i'th' Gate.

The *Trojan* had no sconer spide her,
 But though he could not well abide her,
 Yet 'cause he would part fairly with her,
 He ask't what Wind had blown her thither.

She putting finger in the eye,
 (As Women when they list can cry)
 Told him in what a sad condition
 Her Sister was ; her last Petition,
 And pray'd him as he was a true Man,
 Not to undo a proper Woman.
 (n) But she might e'n have sav'd her juice,
 And kept her tears for better use.
 (o) His resolution still opposes,
 He would go spite of all their Noses ;
 (p) And like to hemp, which, as I take it,
 The more you twist, you stronger make it :

--- (n) *Sed nullis ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.*

--- *Lachrymæ voluntur inanes.*

(o) *Fata obstant, &c.*

(p) *Ac veluti annosam valido cum robore quercum
 A pini Bgeæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc*

Erivere inter se certant, &c. ---

Ipsa hæret scopulis, &c.

*Haud secus assiduus hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
 Tunditur ---*

Alens immota manet ---

Even so, the more she try'd to twind him,
She still more obstinate did find him.

(q) Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No Friend she had could now persuade her ;
She stamp't and star'd, as she were Wood,
And in her melancholy Mood,
Calling to mind in woful wise,
Æneas and his treacheries,

How often he had stab'd her honor,
That men would now make Ballads on her ;
She was resolv'd without delay,
(r) Fairly to make her self away,
And meant to put her resolution
Into most tragick execution.

She had alas ! too just incitement,
Thus to prefer her own Indictment ;
And reason good, by all relation,
Thus to proceed to condemnation :
For such Portents, and dire Presages,
As still have been disasters Pages,
Foretold her overthrow so plainly,
She saw t' oppose it would in vain be.

(s) She call'd to wash, and do you think,
The Water turn'd as black as Ink ;

(q) *Tum vero infelix fati exterrita Dido.*

(r) *Mortem orat : tædet cæli convexa tueri,
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat.*

(s) *Vidit thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,
Horrendum dictu, latices nigrescere sacros,
Fusaque in obscænum se vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.*

And that by chance being Churning-day,
 Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whay !
 This *Dido* saw, but would by no means
 Tell her own Sister of the Omens.
 But that which gave the most persuasion
 Unto her full determination,
 Was this, she kept *Sichæus* bones
 In a great Coffèr made o'th' nonce,
 As sundry others have done the like,
 By way of superstitious Relick,
 In a dark Cellar under-ground,
 (u) From whence each night a dismal sound
 Pierc't *Dido's* tender ear, and wish't her,
 Nay like a husband admonish't her,
 To fit her for her latter end,
 For why he told her, as a Friend,
 That in a very short space, she
 Should of this World, no Woman be.
 (x) The Scrich-Owls too, were her molesters,
 Who still were chanting out their Vespers :
 (y) Besides she had her Fortune told her,
 When 'bout some dozen or so, no older ;
 That she should but one husband have,
 And after that a scurvy Knave

(u) *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis
 Visa viri; nox cum terras obscura teneret*

(x) *Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 Sæpe queri ---*

(y) *Multaque præterea vatùm prædicta priorum
 Terribili monitu horrificant ---*

Should

Should steal her honour like a Thief,
 And make her hang her self for Grief:
 These sad Portents falling so thick,
 And pat one on anothers neck,
 Put the poor Queen besides her senses,
 As a just Plague for her offences.

(z) She dreams *Æneas* now is going,
 Like a false Friend to her undoing,
 And that she must when *Trojan* goes,
 For ever lose her Play-fellows.
 Which to a Woman's cause sufficient,
 Let her be ne'r so well condition'd,
 To raise her to extravagancies,
 When she must part with what she fancies.

(a) Even as a Bitches fury up is,
 When People come to steal her Puppies :
 So far'd the wrathful Queen that day,
 When *Dildo* must be ta'n away :
 She was so much concern'd about him,
 She could not, would not live without him:
 But in her desp'rate resolutions,
 (b) Would hang her self to try conclusions.

--- (z) agit ipse furentem

*In somnis ferus Æneas, semperque relinqui
 Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur
 Ire viam ---*

(a) *Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
 Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes,
 Illa ita concepit furij ---*

(b) *Decrevitque mori tempus secum ipsa modumque
 Exigit, & mastram diutius aggressa sororem,
 Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat*

The

The time and manner she projected,
And that she might not be suspected,
She smug'd her visage up with smiles,
And thus her Sister *Nan* beguiles.

(c) *Nancy* (quoth she) I've found at last
A way, for all *Aeneas* haste;
If thou in the Exploit will join,
Shall pay him back in his own coin,
And bring him back by our contriving,
Since he's so goodly, dead, or living.
Seeing the Rogue my love disgraces,
I'll spoil his sport in other places.

(d) A mile from hence, or such a space,
Down in a bottom lies a place,
Far out of all Highways and Roads,
Where nothing breeds, but Frogs and Toads,
Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,
That (can they catch 'um) will not spare men:
There in a Cave lies an old (e) Wretch,
An ugly rotten toothless Witch,
So old, that one would think she were
The eldest Devil's Grandmother.

(c) *Inveni germana viam (gratare sorori)*
Quæ mihi reddat eum, ---
--- Vel eo me solvat amantem.

(d) *Oceani finem juxta, solemque cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopum locus est; ubi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet, ---

(e) *Hinc mihi Massylæ gentis monstratu sacerdos,*
Hesperidum templi custos; epulasque draconi
Quæ dabat, ---

Spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.

(f) Now

(f) Now this old Beldam can do Wonders,
 If she but say the word, it thunders,
 Lightens, or rains, or hails, or snows,
 Or any weather you'll suppose.
 She'll make a Cowl-staff by her spelling,
 Amble like any double Gelding;
 And in the deep o'th' night the base Hag,
 Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag:
 A Walnut she to Sea can ring out,
 And of an Egg-shell make a Frigot;
 Nay in a Thimble stem the Flood,
 Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
 She can, where she does owe a spight,
 Spoil any Bridegrooms Wedding-night,
 And the Brides longing disappoint,
 By vertue of a Codpiece-point.
 She can make People love or hate,
 Ev'n whom she please, and at what rate;
 And by her Magick and her Spells,
 Make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.
 In short, there's nothing that has ill in't,
 But she has admirable skill in't;
 And does her mischiefs too as quick
 As any Jugler does a trick.

(f) *Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes
 Quas velit; atq; aliis duras immittere curas:
 Sistere aquam fluviis, & vertere sidera retro;
 Nocturnosque ciet manes, mugire videbis
 Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornes.*

(g) I take

(g) I take the gods to witness Sister,
 I'm led into this course sinister,
 Out of no end men wicked call;
 But only for revenge, that's all.
 And since I am so basely crost,
 I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost
 More than I'll speak of; she perchance
 May lead my *Trojan* such a dance,
 Shall make him glad as fast as may be,
 To come again and cry *Peccavi*;
 Or make him hang himself at least,
 For an example to the rest.
 O th' Tribe of false dissembling Yeomen,
 That take a pride to ruine Women;
 And by good luck she's now hard by here,
 Come not an hour ago to *Tyre*,
 Sent for it seems about no ill deed,
 To bless a Sow that lies in Childbed,
 And I'll go fetch her by her favor
 With a *Subpana*, but I'll have her.
 (b) In the mean time go thou and tie
 Fast to the great Beam, where I lie,
 The best new Halter thou canst choose,
 And make a dainty running noose;
 Like that fell to the Fellow's share,
 That made a Woman of a Mare.

(g) *Testor chara deos, & te germana, tuumque
 Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingere artes.*

(h) *Tu secreta pyram tectq; interiore sub auras
 Erige: ---*

(i) Then

(i) Then take me out *Æneæ* rayment,
 All I have left in part of payment :
 His greasie Doublet and his Trowſes,
 Where many a wandring *Trojan* Louſe is:
 The treasure he has left behind him,
 In the great ſtanding Preſs you'll find 'um:
 Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,
 The worſe the ſtuffing is, the fitter:
 And ram the tatters with a vengeance,
 As People uſe to ram their Engines :
 Make haſte and do as I have bid ye ;
 I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie :
 So I'm advis'd to do, and ſo
 (k) I mean to ſerve him, if I blow ;
 Which, though I cannot wreak my teen, it
 Will ſtay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.
 (l) Thus having ſaid, the Queen chang'd colour,
 No Ghoſt could e'r look pitifuller.
 One would have thought by her dejection,
 And by her woful wan complexion,
 She had been going juſt o'th' ſudden,
 To drop and give the Crow a Pudden,

-- (i) *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit
 Impium, exuviasque omnes, lectumque jugalem,
 Quo perii, ſuperimponas :*

-- (k) *Abolere nefandi
 Cuncta viri monumenta jubet monſtratque ſacerdos.*

(l) *Hæc effata ſilet; pallor ſimul occupat ora.*

(m) Nancy

(m) Nancy, (although she saw the Queen
 Ready to burst her hoops for teen)
 And well enough mark'd how she look'd too,
 Yet by her fine pretence was rook'd so,
 She did no further on't consider,
 (n) But went about what she had bid her;
 Dreaming no more than her last Even,
Dido had been so lewdly given.
 Away therefore my Lass does trot,
 And presently an Halter got,
 Made of the best strong hempen Teer,
 And e'r a Cat could lick her Ear,
 Had ty'd it up with as much art,
 As *Dun* himself could do for's heart :
 The Rope, and say 'twas got o'th' sudden,
 Did prove so prime a special good one,
 That with fair usage it might come
 To hang up *Carthage* all and some.
 The *Trojans* Doublet she had fill'd so,
 'Twas very strange the Buttons held so ;
 And that the cramming of his Breeches,
 Had not quite broken out the Stitches,
 His very Stockings, though they were,
 About the feet, out of repair ;
 Yet she made shift to stuff each Start-up,
 And tie 'um to the rest on's Wardrobe :

(m) *Non tamen Anna novis pratexere funera sacris
 Germanam credit: nec tantos mente furores
 Concipit, aut graviora timet. ---*
 (n) *Ergo justa parat ---*

Having

Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
 She laid him out in *Dido's* room ;
 (e) Display'd upon a fair long Board,
 Ready when *Dido* gave the word,
 To be advanc'd into the Halter,
 Without the benefit on's Psalter.
 Scarce had she thus dispos'd her Trinkums,
 When up the Stairs, behold the Queen comes,
 (p) Leading along th' old rotten Gammer,
 Into her Highness matted Chamber,
 When she was come, and saw the portly
 Trophy in that most noble fort lie,
 As she oft-times had seen the Sinner
 Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner :
 She fell again into a Passion,
 Caus'd by a sweet Commemoration,
 Of past delights, seeing those Breeches,
 And humbly the old Gib beseeches
 To shew her utmost skill and cunning,
 To keep her *Trojan* dear from running
 The mumbling Witch bad her not fear,
 But rest content, and of good chear,
 And she should see she'd make him stay,
 Or foul her art should say her nay.
 (q) With that the Hag began her charm,
 You would have thought she'd had a swarm

--- (o) *Exuvias, ensaque relictum,*

Effigiemque toro locat. ---

(p) *Stant ara circum, & crines effusa sacerdos.*

(q) *Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Eribumque, Chaosque,
 Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.*

of

Of Wasps or Hornets in her throat,
 There came so strange a humming out :
 And as she spoke, her hallow chaps,
 Bound up in two thin shrivel'd flaps
 Of old abominable leather,
 Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together.
 Her little eyes being fiery red,
 Were sunk so far into her head,
 They lookt, when most she star'd at full,
 Like farthing Candles in a Scull.
 Her Nose hung like an Arch between
 Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin.
 A craggy passage, and uncouth,
 Over the dreadful Gulf her Mouth,
 And Elf-locks hung so, on each shoulder,
 'Twould make one tremble to behold her.

This Witch a Ribble-row rehearses,
 Of scurvy Names in scurvy Verses,
 Which by the manner of her mouthing,
 Was certainly *Burlesque* or nothing.
 And in these Rhythms as round she limps,
 Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
 (r) Sprinkling the Chamber in her motion,
 With a tepid brackish Lotion,
 For ought I know, of her own making,
 By her much stirring, and pains taking.

(s) A red-heart breaker next she mow'd off,
 A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,

(r) *Sparserat, & latices simulatos fontis Averni :*

(s) *Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus
 Et matri præreptus amor. ---*

And burnt it for a strong perfume,
 And pow'rful Spell to make him come.
 Then hand in hand to dance they fall.
 A grave and solemn Magick-brawl,
 In such hard figures none could tread 'um,
 But the old hobbling Hag that led 'um.
 Poor *Dido* too alas! made one,
 Although her dancing dayes were done:
 And though opprest with Woe, and Care, cut
 Capers, and Tricotee'd it (t) barefoot;
 (u) Imploring all the Deities,
 At every Step, both he's and she's,
 To turn *Aeneas* back, and make him
 Follow the Work he'd undertaken;
 Or if he would not turn, t' afford
 The grace to turn him over-bord.
 Thus to her footing the poor Jade,
 Out of all measure curst and pray'd
 Against her Love had so offended,
 Till dance and charm together ended.
 (x) 'Twas now the time when Candles are
 Repriev'd by the Extinguisher;

(t) *Unum exuta pedem vinculis ---*

Testaturque Deos ---

--- (u) *Tum si quod non aequo fœdera amantes
 Curae numen habet, justumque memorque precatur.*

(x) *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras, silvæque & sava quierant*

Aquora ---

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,

Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis

Rura tenent, somno posito sub nocte silenti

Lenibant curas. ---

I

When

When every thing to sleep down lies,
 Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties;
 And Men and Women rest their heads
 And heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.
 Now Men, and Fishes, Birds, and Beast,
 And every thing was laid to rest;
 (y) All but the woful Queen (alas!)
 Who now was brought unto that pass,
 What with her love, and what with spight,
 She could not sleep one wink all night.
 Her Stomach now was piping hot,
 (z) It boil'd and bubb'd like a Pot,
 And did so strong a wambling keep,
 She fitter was to spew than sleep.

Have you not seen an Animal
 Yclep't an Horse, when in his Stall,
 The Botts, that terrible disease,
 Doth on his tender Bowels seize.
 What Groans he fetches, and what Pranks
 He rouling plays upon the Planks?
 So *Dida* crost in her Amours,
 Tumbled away her sleeping hours.
 Now on her back, and in such fashion,
 As if she lay for consolation;
 Now on her belly, now her side,
 All postures, and all wayes she try'd;

(y) *At non infelix animi Phœnissa : nec unquam
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem
 Accipit : ---*

--- (z) *Magneque irarum fluctuat aestu,*

But

But all in vain, nothing would do,
 (a) Her heart was so oppress'd with wo,
 And love within her did so rumble,
 She could do nought but toss and tumble :
 At last in midst of agitation,
 (b) She thus brake out into a passion :
 Which way poor *Dido* should'st thou turn thee,
 Whil'st cruel Love does thus heart-burn thee?
 Thou hast of hope not one spark left,
 Th'hast brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,
 Not one poor dram of Consolation,
 O Woman vile in desperation !
 What shall I do in this condition,
 To keep me from the Worlds derision ?
 (c) Shall I invite to be my Spou'e,
 Some one I have forbid my house ?
 Some saucy, proud *Numidian* Jack,
 And humbly beg of him to take
 (d) *Æneas* leavings, or like Trull here,
 Run away basely with this Sculler.

(a) *Ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens*
Savit amor ---
 (b) *Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat,*
En quid agam? ---
 --- (c) *Rursusne procos irrita priores*
Experiar? Numadumque petam connubia supplex,
Quos ego sum toties jam dedignita maritos?
 (d) *Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrum*
Fussa sequar? ---
 --- *Sola fugâ nautas comitabor ovantes;*

(e) Or shall I raise the Town in Swarms,
And bring him back by force of Arms!
Alas, I fear it is no boot!

Foul means will never bring him to'r,
(f) No, no, I'll die! this halter yet,
When all Trades fail, shall do the feat.

(g) Ah! Sister, Sister, hadst not thou
Play'd Mistriss *Quicklies* Office so,
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed folly:

No, had I made the least resistance,
And kept the saucie Knave at distance,
I might have us'd him as my list,
And ne'r been brought to had I wist.

(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating

(i) Whil'st he Drum-full with his Potation,
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful passion
He had most vilely left his Drab in,
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbins.

(e) *An Tyriis omniq[ue] manu stipata meorum
Insequar? ---*

(f) *Quin morere, aut merita es: ferroq[ue] averti dolorem.*

----- (g) *Tu prima furentem*

- *His germana malis oneras, ---*

(h) *Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.*

(i) *Æneas celsa in puppi ---*

Carpebat semhos ---

(k) But

(k) But Merc'ry though he slept profoundly,
 (l) Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly,
 And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou lousie,
 Mangie, careless, drunken, drowsie
 Coxcomb; how oft must I be sent
 Hither from *Jove* to complement
 Your Worship to a reverent care
 Of the young Bastard here, your Heir?
 Whil'st fast thou ly'st tipled, or tipling;
 Nor car'st what danger the poor Stripling
 Lies open to. (m) Y'ad best snore on,
 Some body will be here anon:
 Take t'other nap, Do, till the Queen come,
 She'll reckon with you for your in-come.
 She'll rowse ye faith! And (Goodman Letcher)
 'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher
 About your ears: Therefore my loving
 Acquaintance, you were best be (n) moving.
 Upon my word th' advice is wholsome,
 Stay not until that angry Soul come:

(k) *Huic se forma Dei ---*

Obtulit in somnis ---

Omnia Mercurio similis ---

--- (l) *rursusque ita visa monere est*

Nate Dea ---

--- (m) *potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?*

Nec quæ circumstent te deinde pericula cernis

Demens? ---

Illa dolos --- in pectore versat.

(n) *Non fugis hinc præcepis dum præcipitare potestis?*

Eia age, rumpe, moras. ---

For if thou dost, mark what I say,
 And be'st not gone before 't be day,
 (o) If *Carthage* ben't about your ears
 As soon as ever day appears,
 And do not thrash you back and side,
 Far worse than *Agamemnon* did ;
 Those of your Woman-stealing Rabble,
 Give me but six-pence, if thou'rt able,
 And here's my hand, I do not sport,
 I'll give thee twenty shillings for't.
 (p) Thus having said, away he flies,
 E'r Toss-pot could unglew his eyes,
 Which were so cemented in that case,
 The Page was got as far as *Atlas*,
 Back on his way e'r he could free 'um,
 From gowl and matter fit to see him ;
 But having streakt and yawn'd awhile,
 Snorted, and kept the usual coil
 That Drunkards use in such like cases,
 And made some dozen Devils faces ;
 At last he got his eyes unglew'd
 Into a pretty magnitude.
 He star'd about to spy the Vision
 Had giv'n that courteous admonition ;
 But 'twas so dark, as well it might,
 Being 'twixt twelve and one at night ;

(o) *Fam mare turbare trabibus saevaſque videbis
 Collucere faces, &c.*

Si te hic attigerit terris aurora morantem.

--- (p) *Sic fatua nocti se immiscuit atra.*

That

That had the nimble Currier
In kindneſs ſtaid his leiſure there,
Though clad in *Falſtaff's Kendall Green*,
He could not poſſibly be ſeen.

(q) *Aeneas* troubled herewithall,
Seeing he could not ſee at all,
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his Mates again.

(r) Riſe Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,
(s) I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye,
His man was here, and calls to go ſtill,
His ſweaty Pumps are in my Noſe ſtill.
He ſwears and offer'd to lay odds on't,
And if he ſay't, I'll lay my—on't,
That if we do not leave the Dock,
And get us hence by four a Clock,
We ſhall be murther'd if we were
Ten times as many as we are.
Therefore I think it not amiſs for's
To launch, for there are Rods in piſs for's.
Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,
Till we be got clear out of all ken;
Then if they have a mind to lace us,
Let *Carthage* if they can come trace us.

(q) *Tum vero Aeneas ſubitiſſe exterritus umbris*
Corripit è ſomno corpus, ſociosque fatigat.

(r) *Præcipites vigilate viri,---*

--- (s) *Deus æthere miſſus ab alto,*
Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes
Exce iterum ſtimulat. ---

(t) And thou (O *Jove*, top of my kin !)
Who hitherto so kind hast been,

(u) If now thou stick, and do not fail's
Let *Dido* whistle in our tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,
(x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,
And at one slash, to all mens Wonder,
Cut the Boats triple Cord asunder.

(y) At which the Gang spur'd by so ample,
So mighty and renown'd example,
Cut all the rest ; nor staying Brooks,
But let the Devil take the hooks,
And shipping Oars, to work they fall,
Like men that row'd for good and all.
Had it been day, no doubt one might
Have then beheld a gallant sight.

Neptune's great Whiskers had not been
So neatly (z) brusht as they were then
Of many a year : Crabs that did nest
Full deep therein, could take no rest :

--- (t) *Sequimur te sancte, deorum
Quisquis es. ---*

(u) *Adsis, ô placidusque juves & sydera cælo
Dextra feras : ---*

--- (x) *Dixit, vaginâque eripit ensem
Pulmineum, stristoque ferit retinaculâ ferroq;*

(y) *Idem omnes simul ardor habet ---
--- rapiuntque rûnque*

Littora deseruere ---

--- (z) *& cæcula perant :*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Bason,
So admirably well, that *Jason*,
Although he shav'd the golden fleece,
Ne'r wash't him half so well as these.

(b) *Aurora* now, who I must tell ye,
Was grip't with dolours in her belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'r her head
Slipping on Petticoat of red,
Forth of the morning doors she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose;
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the rusty hinges creak,
Ran to her (c) peeping hole to spie,
What was become o'th' *Trojanry*.
But out alas! (d) The devil a sail
Was left i'th' Port; bare as my nail
The Dock was stript; whil't far from shore
They row'd as they ne'r row'd before.
At which sad sight, in Wrath (God bless us!)
(e) Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,
She sighing said, Was ever seen
So pitiful an undone Queen!
And shall this filthy *Trojan* Royster
Undo, as one would do an Oyster,

(a) *Adnixi torquent spumas--*

(b) *Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tiboni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.*

(c) *Regina è speculis ut primum albescere lucem,*

(d) *Vidit & aquatis classem procedere velis,
Littoraque & vacuos sensu sine remige portus.*

(e) *Flavescentesque abscissa comas, Proh! Jupiter! ibi
Hic ait, & nostris illuserit advena regnis?*

Poor

Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
 Maugre what I can do or say !
 Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
 Bounces, and vaults from Wave to Wave,
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
 With Wherries upon *Neptunes* lakes !
 The Devil sure farts in his Poop,
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up ;
 Or else some dirty Suburb drab
 Has helpt the Rascal to a clap,
 And sent a Running Nag to Sea,
 He could not else make so much way.
 (f) Can not I burn, nor sink their floats,
 A louzy Fleet of rotten Boats !
 Yes, I'm a Queen, to Sea my people ;
 Let none remember he's a Cripple :
 But run and row, sound, and unsound,
 And those you kill not, bring home bound !
 (g) But tarry goody Magistrate,
 Your big Commands come now too late.
 Poor *Dido*, sorrow makes thee giddy,
 They'r got to Sea five Leagues already.
 (b) Queen thou art mortal, and must dye
 A Sacrifice to Lechery.

(f) *Non arma expedient ? totaque ex urbe sequentur ?*
 ----- *ite ;*

Ferte citi flammæ, date vela, impellite remos.

(g) *Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quæ mentem insania mutat ?*
Infelix Dido ! ---

--- (h) *Nunc te facta impia tangunt ;*
Tum decuit, cum sceptrâ dabas. ---

Time was thou might'st have something done;
But now farewell Dominion.

(i) This was your huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mothers Smock was lapt in.

Of twenty *Greeks*, this was the *Cob*,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,

And through the fire a pick a pack,
Bore the old sinner on his back,

Bed-rid *Anchises*; this was he

Made the brave Voyage o'r the Sea.

This was your trusty *Trojan*, this:

Now he shews what a man he is!

(k) Whil'st he was here, why did I not

Cut the false Rogues devouring throat;

(l) Or of his Bastard make a Pye,

And being bak'd in paste of Rye,

(m) Make the good Trencher-man his nasty

Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton Pasty!

Why did I not, e'r this disgrace,

Kill him, and all his treach'rous (n) race?

--- (i) *En dextra fide-sque;*

Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates.

Quem subiisse humeris confectum state parentem.

(k) *Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis
Spargere? ---*

--- (l) *Non ipsum absumere ferro*

Ascanium ---

--- (m) *Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis?*

--- (n) *Natumque patremque*

Cum genere extinxem; memet super ipsa dedissem.

I then

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
Shall now depart most sneakingly.

(o) Thou *Sol* who didst in pimping sort
Because thou wouldst not spoil our sport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather :

And you that brought young Folks together,

(p) Procurest *Juno*, *Jove* and all

Ye members of *Olympus* Hall,

I charge ye, as y're Folks of fashion,

Grant this my latest (q) supplication.

If nothing can this Rogue withstand,

But that he must get safe to (r) Land,

Let it be such a Land as he

Had better far upon the Sea

With all his Com-rogues have been drown'd,

Than such a wretched place have found.

May he, where he expects his Leases,

Nc'r know what such a thing as Peace is ;

(s) But be drub'd daily back and side,

Till his bones rattle in his hyde.

May he ne'r sleep an hour in quiet,

But be disturb'd with rout and riot ;

(o) *Sol*, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras ;

(p) Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia Juno,
Nocturnisque Hegate ---

Et dira uirices, &c. ---

--- (q) *Nostros audite preces* ---

--- (r) *Si tangere portus*

Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est.

--- (s) *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,
Finibus extorris* ---.

Black be his dayes, and may his nights
 Swarm with hob-goblins, ghosts, and sprights;
 May Strangers daunt him with bravado's,
 (t) And Spirit's son to the *Barbado's* ;
 May he at last fall worse than Sea-sick,
 And find no Quack to give him Physick :
 (u) No help for money, or for love found,
 But let him lie and rot above ground.
 May none give house-room to the Mungril;
 But let him perish on some (x) Dunghil.
 And when his treach'rous Soul's departed,
 Let his foul Carkass be deserted,
 As Traytors quarters Men expose
 To Hogs and Dogs, and Kites and Crows.
 (y) This my last pray'r is, hear it then,
 I shall ne'r trouble you again.
 And be't your care, ye *Tyrian* (z) Nation,
 To plague this wicked Generation.
 Kill 'um like Rats, that I may have
 Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'r my Grave :

--- (t) *Complexu avulsus Iulii,*

(u) *Auxilium imploret* ---

--- (x) *Videatque suorum
 Funera* ---

--- *Mediaque inhumatus arena.*

(y) *Hæc precor ; hanc vocem extremam* --- *fundo.*

(z) *Tum vos ô Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum
 Exerceto odiû, cinerique hæc mittite nostro
 Munera* ---

(s) And

(a) And may those Children that are yet
To bear, and those that are to get,
Torment them still by Land and Water,
And still may those that follow after
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,
The last may hate them worst of all.

(b) This said, she let a groan, and sigh'd
A doleful sigh, that prophesi'd
The thred was spun, and that the *Parca*
Would shortly cut it without mercy.

(c) In mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,
What kind of death was best to dye in.
Poyson she thought would not be quick,
And which was worse, would make her sick;
That being therefore wav'd, she thought,
That neatly cutting her own throat,
Might serve to do her business for her,
But that she thought upon with horror,
Because 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to see her blood.
The next came in her thoughts was drowning,
That way she thought 'twould be a done thing
Soon, and with some delight; for why,
Sorrow had made her Grace a dry.

-- (a) *Pugnent ipsique nepotes;
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*
-- *Nullus amor populi, nec fœdera sunt.*

(b) *Hæc ait --*

-- (c) *Et partes animum versabat in omnes,
Invisam quarens quamprimum abrumpere lucem.*

But

But then again she fell a thinking,
 She should be somewhat long a sinking,
 Having been ever light of members ;
 And to dissuade her more, remembers,
 'Twould spoil the cloaths might do some one
 Credit, when she was dead and gone.

On these mature deliberations,
 She lik'd none of these dying fashions :
 But looking up, and seeing the Rope
 Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber top,
 With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace
 E'n long'd to wear it for a Necklace :
 And in that Circle in conclusion,
 She prick'd the point of resolution.
 (d) But an old Woman being by her,
 One of her Chattels brought from Tyre,
 An ancient heir-loom to the Queen,
 'Cause she her husbands Nurse had been :
 She meant to send her first away,
 On sleeveless Errand (as we say)
 That she might have her swing alone,
 To do her execution.

(e) Cicely (quoth she) go to my Sister,
 Bid her tye up her head, and wish her
 To wash her hands in bran or flower,
 And do you in like manner scour

(d) *Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichæi.*

(e) *Annam chara mihi nutrix hac siste sororem :*

Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lymphâ,

--- Tuque ipsa piâ tege tempora vittâ.

Your

Your dirty Golls ; for I intend to
 Make a good Cheefe, and for a Friend too,
 O'th' Mornings Milk ; let it be her care
 To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,
 And file the Milk into't : and hear ye,
 Take you the large Cheefe-Fat i'th' Dairy,
 And scour it clean with Sand ; bid *Jone* too
 Get on the Pot, that she may come too,
 And when the Cheefe is come, but break it,
 And call : for I'll come help to make it.
 (f) The hobling Trot limps down the Stairs,
 And now the desp'rate Queen prepares ;
 (g) Although her woful heart did pantle,
 To make her self a sad example.
 (b) Towards the fatal string she moves
 With tardy pace, as it behoves
 Those who by *Nicholas* led astray,
 Wilfully make themselves away.
 When she came underneath the halter,
 The colour in her face did alter ;
 Whil'st down her cheeks round liquor rowls,
 As if her eyes had been at Bowls.
 First she beholds with trickling eyes,
 (i) *Aeneas* his most dear disguise :

--- (f) *Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.*

(g) *Et trepida -- & pallida morte futura.*

(h) *Interiora domus irrumpit limina, & altos
 Conscendit furibunda rogos ---*

--- *Paulum lacrymis & mente morata.*

(i) *Hic postquam Iliacas vestes, notumque cubile
 Confexxit, ---*

And

And as the Trowſes ſhe ſurvey'd,
 Reflecting how ſhe'ad been betray'd :
 Sighing, cry'd out (k) Oh ! thou who wert
 The joy and comfort of my heart,
 Whil'ſt Casket to my deareſt Jewel ;
 But ſince the Fates have been ſo cruel,
 My grief and ſhame, farewel for ever ;
 And here I prophesie that never,
 Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
 Shall mortal *Bilbo* e'r come near thee.
 Farewell, my laſt leave I take,
 And kiſs the Caſe for Ho-boys ſake.

Thus having ſaid, ſhe mounts the Table,
 Becauſe though tall, ſhe was not able
 To reach the halter that muſt tye
 Her faſt to doleful Deſtiny :
 And having, like too apt a Scholler,
 Thruſt her plump neck into the Coller,
 As 'tis, you know, the hanging faſhion,
 She thus began her laſt Oration :

(l) That I have liv'd, quoth ſhe, and how,
 I doubt, (alas !) too many know ;
 But that I now will dye, is known
 To no one but my ſelf alone :
 And if I Natures debt do pay,
 And hang my ſelf before my day,
 The cenſuring World can ſay but this,
 That I'm the better Pay-miſtriſs :

(k) *Dulces exuvie, dum fata, Deusque ſinebant.*

--- *Dixitque noviffima verba.*

(l) *PLX I, & quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregi.*

And though I dye a death they say,
 Makes Sufferers themselves bewray
 And dye uncleanly Corps; yet I
 Shall leave, although I purging dye,
 And go out strong as Candle-snuff,
 A fame shall savour sweet enough.

(m) For murther'd spouse I've made amends yet
 As far as Stealing could revenge it,
 And made *Pygmalion* that undid us,
 Pay Sauce for making People Widows.
 And at my proper cost and charges,
 A Village built, which for its largeness,
 (n) In a few Years, might well have grown
 To be a pretty Market-Town,
 Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
 T'undo what all my care had done.

Then going to turn off: (o) But must
 I go, quoth she, and is it just,
 I dye like Felon vile, or Traytor?
 Sans vengeance on this Fornicator?

(p) And whil't the Stallion proudly stalks it,
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
 Yes dye, as 'twas foretold thee long since,
 If but to trouble the Knaves conscience:

(m) *Urbem præclaram statui, mea mœnia vidi;
 Ultra virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.*

(n) *Felix, beu nimium felix, si littora tantum
 Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ!*

(o) *Sed moriamur ait; sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras.*

(p) *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
 Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis.*

Then

Then 'cause she would to part the sweeter,
A portion have of *Hopkins* Meeter ;
As People use at Execution,
For the *Decorum* of conclusion,
Being too sad to sing, she sayes

Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,
To her great comfort, being ended,
And Ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final feat ;
Thus, thus, (quoth she) to shades of night
I go, and thus I take my flight.

(q) With that she from the Table swung,
And happy 'twas the Rope was strong
Enough, in such a swing to stop her,
Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper,

(r) So have I seen in Forest tall,
From friendly Cup the Acorn fall,
And Bully tumble from the Tree,
As ripe for hanging, down fell she,
She caper'd twice or thrice most finely ;
But th' Rope embrac'd her neck so kindly,
Till at the last in mortal trance,
She did conclude the dismal dance.

A yellow aromattick matter
Dropt from her heels, commixt with Water,

(q) *Dixerat ; atque illam media inter talia ---*

(r) *Non aliter quam si immixtis ruat hostibus omnis
Carthago ---*

Which sinking through the Chamber-floor,
 (s) Set all the house in sad uproar,
 Al at the first that they amiss thought,
 Was that her Grace had mist the Piss-pot :
 But when the Stairs they had ascended,
 And saw her Majesty suspended ;
 The Servants frighted past their senses,
 Tumbled o'r Buffets, Forms, and Benches,
 And ran to all the near abidings,
 With open cry to tell the tydings,]
 (t) Even like unto the dismal yowl,
 When triftful Dogs at midnight howl ;
 Or like the Dirges that through Nose
 Hum out to daunt their Pagan Foes,
 When holy Round-heads go to Battle,
 With such a yell did Carthage rattle.
 (u) At the first news poor Nancy skreeks,
 And taring hair, and scratching cheeks,
 Ran up the Stairs, and like a Fell-shrew,
 Made all that stopt her feel her Elbow ;
 Till having jostled all opposers,
 And thrust some twenty on their Noses ;

--- (s) *It clamor ad alta*

Apria ; concussam haccebat fama per urbem,

(t) *Lamentis, gemituque, & famineo ululatu*

Festa fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether ;

Non aliter quam si, &c. ---

(u) *Audist exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu,*

Unguibus ora soror fadans, & pectora pugnis,

Pec medios ruit. ---

At last the place she set her feet on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry, or sweeten.

(x) Was it for this, ah Sister, Sister,
That I was sent to Gaffer *Twister*,
To buy a Rope! (y) Was this, quoth she,
Your fine device to cozen me!

Could none a halter else prepare ye,
But I must be made accessary!

Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
I still thy chiefest Confident was!

(z) What didst thou know, but kindly I;
Might e'n have hang'd for company?

But in thy ruine, I and all

Thy people suffer, great and small.

And in this wilful Woman-slaughter,

(a) Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* son and daughter

(b) But stay, methinks I am not hasty,
To close those eyes that stare so gaskly.

(c) Which said, her Buttocks on the Board
She soss'd, that all the Chamber roar'd.

(x) *Hoc illud germana fuit? ---*

--- (y) *Me fraude petebas?*

Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes araque parabant?

--- (z) *Comixémne sororem*

Sprevisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses:

Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c. ---

(a) *Extincti te, meque, soror, populumque, patresque*
Sidonios, urbemque tuam; date vulnera lymphis,

(b) *Abluam ---*

--- (c) *Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos,*

And

And being active Lafs and light,
 At one jump more stood bolt upright.
 (d) Thrice in her arms did *Nancy* catch her,
 Thrice thumpt her bosome to dispatch her.
 And thrice her latest breath did roar,
 In hollow sound at Postern-door.

(e) Then *Juno* who had ever been
 As 'twere, sworn Sister to the Queen:
 Hearing the lamentable cries
 That from her Village pierc'd the Skies;
 Down towards *Carthage* bent her looks,
 Where seeing all things off the hooks,
 And *Dido* in unseemly sort
 Hang dangling there, being sorry for't,
 (f) And loth a Queen in hempen tackle,
 Should to *Plebeians* be spectacle;
 She call'd a little Emissary,
 That us'd her Embassies to carry,
 One Mistris *Iris*: a main pretty
 Nimble House-wife, and a witty,
 One that if bidden once, would do't,
 And had the length of *Juno's* foot
 So right, that for her parts and feature,
 She was become her Mistress creature,

(d) *Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat
 Cum gemitu, &c.---*

Ter sese attollens ---

Ter revoluta toro est ---

(e) *Tum Juno ---*

--- (f) longum miserata dolorem.

This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's)
At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.
And though by birth a Dyers daughter,
Yet had her Friends full well up brought her,
And because *Juno* gave great Wages,
Prefer'd her thither for a Page's

Her *Juno* call'd away from Starching,
And big with tears, bid her be marching,
(g) Put on her Wings, and swiftly clip it,
To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

Iris when young, had learnt to flie
(As Youth is full of Waggers)
Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,
And for her journeys, lately made
Fine party-colour'd Wings to flie in,
No worse than of her Fathers Dying ;
Who knowing that his Daughter was
To be prefer'd to such a place,
And what she must b' employ'd about,
Had spar'd no cost to set her out.
(b) At the command of Heavens Goddess,
She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,
Which waving, did adorn the Skie,
With all the fair variety
Of Colours that the Rainbow shows,
When clad in her most gaudy Cloaths.

--- (g) *Irim demisit Olympo,
Quæ luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.*
(h) *Ergo Iris crocæis per cælum roscida pennis,
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
Devolat ---*

Full

Full swift she flew, till coming near
 Carthage, she made a Cancellier,
 And then a stoop, when having spy'd
 Queen *Dido's* Window staring wide;
 (Set open you may well presume,
 (As there was cause) to air the room.)
 She nimbly, to all Folks amazement,
 Whips like a Swallow through the Casement.
 (i) O'r *Dido's* head she took her stand,
 And cry'd, whil'st flourishing a Brand,
 Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,
 Epilogue to this Tragedy;
 And thus, O *Dido*, let thee loose,
 From twitch of suffocating noose.
 (k) Which said, and tossing high her Blade
 With great dexterity, the Maid,
 (l) O wonderful! even at one side-blow
 Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropt *Dido*.

(i) Et supra caput astitit. Hunc ego Diti
 Sacrum iussa sero, teque isto corpore solvo.

(k) Sic ait -----

----- (l) Et dextra crinem secat: omnis & una
 Dilapsus calor, atque inventos vita recessit.

FINIS.
